Before the Zepps come again sign our Free Insurance Coupon on p. 19

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 540 | SATURDAY. OCTOBER 7. 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see page 20.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS**

Made in White, also in Khaki and many attractive designs.

6½d. each. Sold everywhere.

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Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Stapleʼs Adv. Ser.

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"Oh, I agree with you, Darling. We must go to the 'Midland,' of course. They give you such a splendid choice there—rooms upon rooms of the loveliest furniture you ever saw; beautiful old designs by Chippendale and Sheraton, and all the finest modern styles, too. We can get just the home we've dreamed of having, and save money, too, at the 'Midland.'"

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

All the prices of the £100,000 worth of furniture on view in the "Midland" Salons are marked in plain figures. You can't get as good elsewhere for the same money, as you can see if you compare prices. And if you wish to furnish out of income, the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. The "Midland" charge no interest—no extras of any kind.

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Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of handsome Sideboard, with inlaid panels; 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

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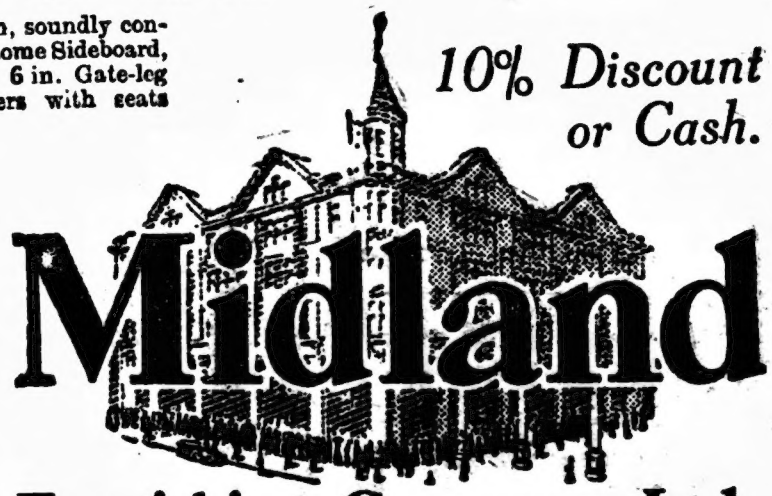

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JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 540. Week ending Saturday, October 7th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Ireland.

There is an ominous lull in the Irish situation. Be prepared for a big development within the next few weeks.

Cabinet Changes.

And look out, too, for what the Party papers call "dramatic surprises." Now then, "L. G."—get ready.

Parliament!

How well things have been going with the war since Parliament has been "up"! Cannot the King be induced to prolong the adjournment by Order in Council?

Farce that Was not Repeated.

Our protest against the farce of holding an inquest on the crew of the first Zeppelin that fell in England has had its effect. It was not repeated in the case of the second crew.

Name, Please!

Doubtless by the time these lines appear we shall know the name of the airman who brought down that other "Zepp." It is only fair to Lord Michelham and other generous patriots that they should know to whom to make out their cheques.

Official Dullness.

And why, in the name of commonsense, didn't the officials at once comply with the request of the captured Zepp. Commander to be allowed to telephone to a friend in London? We might have got on the track of something interesting; just as we have secured the London address of the parents of a German soldier who, when dying in a base hospital, wrote them a farewell letter.

Why Not?

If the Government really means what it says when it describes the Zepp. raiders as "murderers" and "baby-killers," why don't they hang the captured crew? Or are we to be told that, as in the case of "Chinese Slavery," the phrases are "terminological inexactitudes"?

Aptly Named.

The Zepp. which came down in flames the other Sunday "somewhere in Essex" caught fire just over a public-house called "The Fortune of War"—now, of course, known as the "Zeppelin Arms."

The Full Pension.

Considering the tragic circumstances attending the death of Chief Detective-Inspector Ward, of Scotland Yard—the Press Bureau know what we mean—his unhappy widow should certainly receive the full pension on which her husband would have shortly retired.

Price and Payment.

Who is going to find the £175,000 which is to be raised for the Westminster Palace Hotel wherein to house the National Liberal Club? As the Crown denies to commandeered hotels all right of compensation, the question is worth considering.

***All* Optimists Now.**

Talking of the National Liberal Club, did you notice that phrase in the War Secretary's letter to the members—"When the time comes—*at no very distant date, I trust*—for the restoration of peace conditions"?

Silly C.O.s.

This time we mean Commanding Officers. We recently called attention to an Order at the Killinghall Camp, near Harrogate, forbidding singing or whistling *en route* to the station for the Front; and now we find that in some camps the men are confined to barracks when we have a meeting in the district. What are the C.O.s afraid of?

The City JOHN BULL.

All the City is talking of our new enterprise—which, as announced last week, will see the light on Friday, October 20th. One of its features will be our own City Reminiscences.

Neatly Put.

Elsewhere we have something to say about a paper called the *Irish Nation*, and which naturally falls foul of ourselves. We are called a "frothy fulminator of flagitious falsehood"—which is not a bad bit of alliteration; but this is the gem: "Let him venture here again. We will remove the affix (!) from his name and kick what remains of it." Any reader got a steel helmet to spare?

Honours Wanted.

When are the heroes of the "Mespot"—that is, Mesopotamia—to be named in the Honours List? It is a scandal that because their names are "mentioned in despatches," which the Indian Government is reluctant to publish, they are denied all recognition.

Still Running.

Our circulation continues its career as a weekly record-breaker, and our printers are busy putting down further special machinery to cope with the demand. So please go on sending a copy of us to each of your friends at the front, so that after reading he can distribute it amongst the Boches—thus causing them to surrender in their thousands!

We are busy paying out Zeppelin claims. See page 19.

"All's Well."

Hindenburg says "All is going very well." Who would have thought he was so easily pleased?

Make them Pay.

Italy has a way of her own of dealing with damage by air raids. She just confiscates sufficient enemy property to pay for it. Now then, Mr. Asquith—we've plenty of German wealth over here!

A Military Snob.

That officer at Hampton-on-Thames who objects to a "common soldier"—wounded and invalided from the Front—living in the same flats is, thank God, not a fair specimen of his class. We thought the war had put an end to the snob for good and all.

A Good Idea.

At the Glasgow Autumn Art Show is to be exhibited the portrait of the Kaiser, on horseback, at Queen Victoria's funeral. A reader suggests that every one visiting the exhibition should stick a sixpenny stamp on the Hun's face—or elsewhere—for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund. Good!

Virtue or Business?

"Everyone knows," says the *Daily Mail*, "that under the present system it is difficult for a Government contractor to preserve both his virtue and his business." Why is this strange phenomenon limited to *Government* contractors? And what about that much-vaunted Illicit Commissions Act?

Kaiser's Fleet Ready.

We gather from the Kaiser's proclamation that his High Seas Fleet has been soled and heeled, and is now ready for a new and special performance. "Already last week," he says, "the fleet was ready to sail out and make an effective advance against the enemy." Admiral Jellicoe presents his compliments, and will be delighted to call on or receive his Satanic Majesty's fleet at any hour of the day or night—no previous notice need be given!

"Government Controlled."

When the new Man Power Committee start to work, it is desirable that they should devote their attention to such wrong-end methods of weeding-out as are practised by a Salford firm of Government-controlled engineers. "As work is slack, they have discharged some of their men, and others work weeks about. They are not the young ones who are discharged, but those over military age and those who have been with the firm twenty years or more." As our readers know, this is the method favoured by a great many other controlled firms in combing-out; the young men are kept—the men over military age get the boot. If the Committee are worth their salt, they will soon put an end to such flagrant mis-selection.

The Slacker Abroad.

It was a lamentable mistake on the part of the Government when it failed to apply the Military Service Act to Britons residing on the Continent and abroad. The consequence is that there are large numbers of strong, able-bodied, laughing slackers walking about in, for instance, Paris, with no intention whatever of doing their duty. Parisians do not like it, nor do good Britons. Such useless young men, cumbering the earth for their own enjoyment, must be summoned to their task and made to do it. It is computed by an indignant reader, who speaks from knowledge of the facts, that at least 5,000 slackers, all fit men, are dodging their bit in France. Let our Government give the word and, no doubt, the French authorities will be happy to assist.

The No-Peace League.

This association, with which is amalgamated the Lest-We-Forget League, is now in active course of formation, and a further announcement will be made respecting it in our next.

Paying Out!

We are still "paying out," as the bookmakers say, over our Zepp Insurance Scheme. Unhappily, there have been several death claims—but we hope that the prompt settlement of them has been some relief to the grief of those left behind.

Collar their Ships!

An Australian soldier in London says that nobody in the Commonwealth can understand why we don't collar all the Germhun ships now in our possession and utilise them for our own purposes. So far as we gather, there are not many people in this country who can understand it either.

That Cabinet Film.

Whoever was responsible for that collection of freaks—the films of Cabinet Ministers? Messrs. Bonar Law, McKinnon Wood and Lord Robert Cecil look as though they had escaped from Colney Hatch; and nearly all of them are laughing, or wearing a sickly smile—whilst bleating their ponderous platitudes. Cut it out!

Energetic Police.

The Chief Constable of Windsor is very busy circularising employers with a demand for a list of all men employed by them, with full particulars of age and other things. This seems to be stretching the Regulation that requires a list of such men to be posted on the premises—while, perhaps to find work for idle hands to do, the local police are carefully delivering the circular at nearly every house where no men at all are employed.

"Follow Shute."

"Has-nothing been done to give flying officers an opportunity of escape by means of a parachute or other device?" asked the Birmingham Coroner at an inquest on two aviators. Captain Simpson, R.F.C., replied in the negative. Evidently he does not read his John Bull. A fortnight ago they were told of a parachute which the R.N.A.S. had adopted, and urged the Royal Flying Corps to "follow shute." Where men's lives are concerned, delay is criminal.

The Wrong Channel.

If the Channel Islands have plenty of cattle to spare, could not the Islanders be persuaded to send the animals along to Smithfield instead of America? One day's consignment from Guernsey was 28 heifers and a prize bull—not many bites in themselves, but the shipment is noticeable as a frequent occurrence, for we are informed that the export of live beef to the States is very large. One would have thought that London prices would be tempting enough to steer the animals this way; if not, a little judicious authority might prevent their wandering in the other direction.

"Biggest Marvel of the Day."

As a fighter and a humorist, we verily believe Tommy is invincible. If there is a joke buried anywhere, he is sure to dig it out. Here, for instance, is a letter from a private of the Durham Light Infantry, who writes from France:—"Sir,—On picking up an illustrated paper I saw the photo of what we call the biggest marvel of the day—of a Tommy who was blown fifty yards by a Germhun shell. Was he dreaming, or had he got wings? All the patients here went 103 temperature when they read it.—From One who was Blown 150 Yards by a Mine—I Don't Think—and Now in Hospital Suffering from Fright." We are glad to hear he is not suffering from the dumps.

It's a delight to write with a "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on page 20.

The Work and the Woman.

In the opinion of a lady working at a West London munition works, it is about time we "exposed the manner in which women munition workers are treated." We have already done a bit at said exposure, but here we are again, as merry and bright as ever. Recently, the women at these works were sent out on an enforced holiday from Wednesday night to Monday morning owing to shortage of material, and—no work, no pay. But if an employée is ill for a day or a night, she is fined twice as much as the pay she would receive if working, and in addition she is kept out of the works another day as punishment. "This is unfair and unreasonable," says the woman worker. It is the restraint of language which becomes a lady. In such company we shall say nothing; but even if we were in a drawing-room we should take leave to think it was a damned shame.

A Serious Joke.

Everybody knows that Germans are quite devoid of the sense of humour; but few would expect them to take with ponderous gravity a joke absolutely thrown at them, and to accept it as a tribute to a soldier's devotion to his rulers. The *Strassburger Post* tells this story without a smile: The Crown Prince saw a one-armed soldier who had received no medal, and he conferred on the man the Iron Cross of the Second Class. "If I had lost two arms," asked the soldier, "what would your Imperial Highness have given me?" And the Crown Prince replied, "The Iron Cross of the First Class." So the soldier "drew his sword and cut off his remaining arm with one blow—to earn the Iron Cross of the First Class." Of course, a man cannot cut off his only arm *with* his only arm, and the story is just a joke, thirty years old in this country. Germany tells it as a compliment to a soldier and the Clown Prince!

Ignorance and Impertinence.

Really it seems as though some ladies should be put through a course of instruction in warfare—*and* politeness, before being let loose in a military hospital. There was a clergyman's wife, for instance, who—tall and stately and arrogant—marched into a ward of a certain hospital and approached a group of seven men. Suddenly she seemed to observe they were not swathed in bandages or trussed with splints; so she had the bad taste to remark, "Oh! I see you are medical cases, and haven't seen any fighting, and cannot tell me anything about the wounded and missing." Addressed to any soldier, the speech would be gratuitously rude, but it specially hurt those seven men—four from the Somme, two from Loos, and one from Mons. Two have been buried and dug up, and all may be lifelong sufferers as the result of fighting. The lady owes them an abject apology.

Life in London.

It was a poet who wrote of "the short and simple annals of the poor." Had he lived in these stern times, he would have called them annals of hardship and semi-starvation. We hear of a poor woman "blessed" with seven children, the oldest being thirteen, and a crippled husband in slack work—and often in no work. As long as she could get about, she kept out of debt, owing nobody a penny, because she was a hard worker and honest. But when one of her little babies fell ill she was kept at home. Rent became in arrear, and she was given, by the County Court, three weeks in which to vacate her premises—to clear out. She had no chance of getting fresh rooms, she was up day and night with her sick child. And on a Saturday the landlord brought a man to eject her forcibly. When she told the man she had buried her little girl three days previously, he refused to do the work he was bidden to do, and the poor woman gets a few days' grace. Such is life in London, the richest city in the world!

The Dog in the Manger.

When the train for Eastbourne arrived at East Croydon the other Saturday afternoon it was packed pretty full, most compartments having passengers standing. Among many soldiers and sailors returning from hospital furlough was one Jack Tar who spotted a compartment where nobody was standing. When he made for it, a most "gentlemanly" person within held the handle of the door against him. The sailor bore honourable badges on his sleeve, and was fit company for a duke—yet, though he pleaded he was returning to duty, admission was refused. Disdaining to use force, the gallant lad got into the guard's van—where the company was more refined. The dog-in-the-manger who held the door was wearing a Red Cross badge. Did they know him, we believe the Society would disown him.

Alien Pilots.

Our remarks upon alien pilots employed upon the coast have resulted in some interesting correspondence. One reader points out that so long ago as 1905, the Channel Pilots protested against certificates being held by aliens, and in a copy of their printed appeal we find these significant words: "Should war break out these men would be of great service to our enemies." And these:—"Englishmen are not allowed to obtain pilotage certificates in foreign ports." A view from another standpoint is taken by one of these "alien pilots," who has been naturalised here for 30 years, has an English wife, and sons serving in the Army and Navy. He knows, he says, the coast "all round the British Isles, and is faithful and bears true allegiance to H.M. the King." Undoubtedly the man seems genuinely good and loyal, and it should be possible to apply special consideration to such a case.

A Sinful Summons.

The fact that we are at war has not yet penetrated the muddled minds of some mooncalf Magistrates—for instace, those concerned in the following case: A good woman and mother resident there has three sons fighting in France, and two little ones at home. All she has to live upon is 12s. 6d. a week allowed her by her soldier sons, and she finds it a help to keep one of her children at home one afternoon each week. This sensible plan led to the nonsense of a summons, and a wicked fine of 10s.—increased a month later to 12s., or the sale of her "few pieces of furniture." So she paid the money, and had 6d. left that week to live upon! It is impossible to measure the stupidity of Magistrates who cannot appreciate a good woman doing her noble best to keep the home fires burning for her boys' return. It is no terrible thing these days to keep a child at home one afternoon a week for good, solid reasons, and it was simply sinful to make that mother suffer for "carrying on" so well.

Slandering the R.A.M.C.

A weekly paper prints a story, supposedly told by "A Wounded Anzac," of "how his things were stolen by some R.A.M.C. men at the Base." The things consisted of three German helmets, money, and some German documents—which no soldier is permitted to possess, it being an order that all enemy papers are to be given up. The theft "at the Base" is said to have occurred "at the clearing hospital," but the two localities are hundreds of miles apart; so there is a discrepancy to that large extent. But the real offence of the article is its headlines:—"R.A.M.C.—Rob All My Comrades," together with the statement that the men of the corps "never get within miles of the firing line." This is wholesale slander of a devoted body of men who succour the wounded in front of the firing line, and the Roll of Honour speaks of their self-sacrifice. If this "wounded Anzac" lost his things, we are sorry; but the meaning attached to the letters "R.A.M.C." is outrageous.

Your last chance to win the £1,000 "Bullet." See page 28.

A Bit from Bradford.

The weeding out process is recommended among the wool-combers of Bradford—for family reasons. It is the employers who need this homely attention—such as public men who speak loudly at meetings when they recommend others to go, but who are careful to keep their own sons snug in their own wigwams, or else set them "making munitions" in secluded, unsuspected spots. Also, they say these employers are singularly fortunate in retaining their employees. But, should one of their men leave and seek other work, he is incontinently dropped on. The sons of some of these municipal magnates are reported to us (by name) as boasting "they are left behind to take care of the other men's wives." The charge may be true, for cowards are usually snobs as well.

A "Fit" Dying Man.

Many astounding stories are current concerning decisions come to by various Army Medical Boards, but we think that at Lincoln has achieved a record. A farmer named Rowlatt, of Sutton St. Edmund, had been rejected under the Derby scheme, but was recently ordered to proceed to Lincoln to be medically re-examined. He was passed as "Fit A." That was on a Monday. In less than a week—that is, on the following Sunday—the poor fellow was a dead man. The cause of death is announced to be "advanced consumption, his lungs being completely worn out." He was also "suffering from a trouble bordering on rheumatic fever." The man's body being in such condition, in what condition of mind was the gentleman who passed him as "Fit A"?

The Milk Squeeze.

The dairymen having had their little squeeze, autumn brings the turn of the farmers—who in many districts are asking a contract price for milk which would assuredly put up the retail price to 7d., and probably to 8d., a quart. Apparently the farmers have had a hint that if they overdo the turning of the screw the Government will step in. With the Government it is all "Wait and see," of course. Meantime, while the children of the poor are being deprived of milk essential to their sustenance, chocolate manufacturers and makers of other sweetstuffs are consuming enormous quantities of the best milk, as they are consuming colossal quantities of sugar, in the production of luxuries which could be largely reduced without any sensible public deprivation. The flappers and the knuts would miss their *bonbons deliceux*, no doubt, but we are not running this war in order to tickle the palates of flappers and knuts.

"Oh, For a——"

We do not believe there is enough Business Government about to manage a whelk stall. This is how business is done even at the Ministry of Munitions, which Mr. Lloyd George himself hustled into being: A woman, whose name we have, left a certain laundry and started work at the National Filling Factory at Hayes, in Middlesex, on either Monday, 28th, or Tuesday, 29th August. She finished on Saturday, 2nd September, drawing her wages and receiving her discharge on Saturday, 9th September. This notwithstanding, on 20th September—18 days after she had been discharged—her former employer at the laundry received a printed form, headed "Ministry of Munitions," inviting him to answer a number of questions as to whether she was a fit and proper person to be employed at the factory. The case does not stand by itself, of course; no sloppy, slack and sleepy method ever does. "Each time one of my workers has gone to the Hayes Filling Factory," says our informant, "several weeks have elapsed before the inquiry has been made as to nationality, character, etc. If this woman had intended to do any harm, she would have had nearly four weeks in which to carry out her plans." Which is as obvious as old gorgonzola.

"Bullets" Record Offer.

This is the last week of our sensational "Bullets" prize offer. Send it now, or you will be too late to win one of these 12,000 record prizes.

Clerks and Clocks.

Barrow Tribunal distinguished itself the other day by an exhibition of contrariety. Its Advisory Committee announced that they were "making a strong stand against single men left at home," so the Tribunal promptly granted exemption till Jan. 1st—remarking that even that was "not final"—to two single young men, clerks, aged 23 and 24 respectively. But it tried to even things up by taking a man of 35, a plater's helper employed at Vickers, who is the sole support of his feeble mother. Ramsay, Isle of Man, gave conditional exemption to a young fellow because he is engaged in the important occupation of winding clocks.

A Wound and Beggary.

At Elgin a discharged soldier has been sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for begging. Let it be at once admitted that the man acknowledged his offence, and he had received a warning a fortnight previously. Against those facts let us place the statements that this soldier, late of the Gordon Highlanders, had fought in the war, and was discharged from the Army after being wounded in the leg. In view of that record, we are entitled to ask how it came that such a man was driven to beg. Nothing was reported against his character, and no mention was made of a pension. It is abundantly clear that his service and his wound entitled him to his country's bounty. If, instead, he has received his country's neglect and been driven to mendicancy, the crime is not his.

Fifty Objects.

Conscientious Objects crop up like bad weeds all over the country. Fifty of them are installed as private guests in the workhouse at Kedington, Suffolk. About £40 has to be spent for extra baths for these luxurious gentry, and there is a motor lorry to take them to their work—they having a conscientious objection to walking. They object to tinned beef when it is served, for it does not suit their dainty palates. They ignore the "lights out" order, and disobey the lighting regulations generally. They are supposed to be indoors by 9, but they get special leave till 10 and stroll home at 10.15 if they feel like it. Then they walk about in the yard and talk and smoke and strike matches, so the respectable inmates can get no sleep. The Clerk had visited them, because he anticipated trouble among these supposedly peaceful objects. Altogether, we are not surprised that the Guardians are feeling "fed up" with the beauties.

Hun Worship.

Many times have we noted the way our scientists and "learned" men pander to the German taste—everything Hunnish still seems holy in their eyes. A fresh example is an article in a London daily on "The Training of Masters: The Renaissance of the Professor," and we learn how the British professor is always "out at elbows." If we cannot "imitate the Germans in their appreciation of intelligence . . . we may as well make no further attempt to compete with them." In Germany the professor is "honoured and decorated . . . the man of business almost blacks his boots." We do not think those men of business—Herr Ballin, for instance—are quite so abject, though we are told "this is one of the bitter German pills we are perforce obliged to put in our pipes and smoke." The only pill that is put in a pipe and smoked is, so far as we know, an opium pill, and its effect is soothing and soporific. We recommend one to the writer of all that rigmarole—who is, of course, a "Professor"!

Parson and Burglar.

There is a martial aspect about the Rev. Sadler Phillips, Vicar of St. Etheldreda's, Fulham, which delights us much. The other night a burglar called on him at the vicarage, and Mr. Phillips held him at the muzzle of a revolver while Mrs. Phillips blew a whistle for the police. The sight of the weapon in the hands of the rev. gentleman must have been impressive, for the burglar decided not to escape. *Sotto voce*, however, will the Vicar inform us whether the revolver was loaded with bullets or bran?

German Pickwicks.

A gallant tar forwards us proof of another piece of trickery in the match trade. It is the top of a box of safety matches, one of a dozen bought near Devonport. The design is a coloured reproduction of Seymour's famous presentment of Mr. Pickwick, and the wording is, "Pickwick Impregnated Safety Matches. Registered. Made in Holland." But our friend, casually pulling the box to pieces, removed that top label, and was astonished to uncover a second one, with an inscription in German and the incriminating word, "Deutsche"!

A Glasgow Line.

We proffer a picture and a plea, for the consideration of the railway managers in Glasgow. It concerns munition workers—men, women and young girls, working in the Clyde district. The picture is of the morning train to Clydebank. When it arrives at Glasgow Cross it is always well filled, and the munitioners waiting there "just crush in, in any shape or form. They are lucky if they can crowd into a compartment with less than 18 or 19 in it. One morning a man—forced to squeeze into the guard's van, next to the engine—found 36 people in it before him. The same kind of thing occurs at night on the return journey, and it is not a nice picture, is it, especially when you think of the women and girls?" Our plea to the Company is that they will run a twin train, for the sake of convenience and even of decency.

"A Ruined Home."

The distressing case at Bourne, already referred to by us, of a man joining up being told by the Tribunal to put his invalid wife and two children in the workhouse, has naturally evoked much discussion. The Bourne Guardians have hastened to disown any fault in the matter, saying that they advised the man that his wife could not be admitted, as she had an allowance of £1 1s. weekly, and offering to assist him in storing his furniture. But Private Hill, the man in question, reiterates his statement as to the cold, callous advice given to him by the Tribunal, and says that his wife's ill-health left him no alternative but to sell his furniture and seek the Union for his family. We gladly state that the Guardians have been endeavouring to find Mrs. Hill and the children a home with some relatives, and we hope they have been successful—for it is unthinkable that a man's joining the colours should have such a terrible sequel.

Still a Few Left.

But hurry up if you have not secured your copy of "JOHN BULL'S Diary of the Second Year of the War"—cloth 2s., paper cover 1s.

Enter the *Britannic*.

The amazing adventures and antics of the *Aquitania*, her quick changes and transformation scenes, seem to have aroused jealousy among other liners, and the *Britannic* is now taking a hand in the game. She will have to struggle hard before she approaches the other's record, but is doing her best, having just completed her second fitting-out as a hospital ship at Southampton. As the old song had it, "And Still the Game Goes On!"

Lord Haldane Summed Up.

Lord Haldane would appear to be even more of a counterfeit than was thought, if we may judge by the opinion of that very wise and learned scientist, the late Sir William Ramsay. This is what Sir William wrote concerning the viscount in July, 1915: "I *know* Haldane; he is a pompous windbag, with an imperfect knowledge of the German language, as I found out long ago." Lord Haldane did hold some notoriety as a German scholar, but it was all a delusion if he be but a blunderer in the tongue of his spiritual home folk.

Socks and Stockings.

One of the trades on which Germany held an astonishing grip was that of hosiery and knitting; nearly every pair of socks and stockings came from Hunland, especially the cheap ones. A firm in Cornwall started in a small way to capture some of this line, and has already made headway, securing some large contracts; but now the only working partner has been called up, and must close down his factory and throw 25 girls out of work. Many exemptions have been granted to far less deserving applicants, and the special irony of this case is that in a few weeks the War Office would probably be placing a big order with the very man they now take away.

At Long Last.

Things *do* get done in this country, if we wait long enough; usually we wait far too long. After two years of war, "Mr. Zierold, chief engineer of the City of Cork Steam Packet Company, has been arrested at Cork and deported to an internment camp." How the gentleman has amused himself in the interval is a matter for speculation, but he has enjoyed almost unrivalled opportunities—being allowed, we are informed, freedom to roam about Queenstown Harbour and Houlbowline in his electric pinnace. If the man is innocent and harmless, why arrest him? If he is not innocent—if he has been a source of harm or danger—a stern responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who have permitted him so long to go where he liked and do as he wished.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"Two smart Business Ladies, exclusive experience, like to meet Financier, VIEW TO OPENING BLOUSES."

"EVENING MAIL" (Halifax, Canada):
"A *Morning Post* dispatch from Stockholm says a sea fight has taken place between the Russian and German forces in the Gulf of Bothnia, near the Aland Islands. On account of the darkness and fog it was impossible from the Swiss coast to see the fighting clearly, but salvos of heavy guns were heard."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—
"When the first Zeppelin approached the engines were DISTINCTLY AUDIBLE. Of course, nothing could be seen. Everything was AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE."

"THE FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR," Montreal (in report of speech by Mr. Lloyd George):—
"Babies were ever precious, but in war time they are more PREVIOUS than ever."

"EAST DORSET HERALD":—
"All the civil and religious liberties we enjoy to-day, spring from the seed sown by our forefathers, and in their defence we went voluntarily into the Great War, so that those liberties . . . may be HANDED DOWN unimpaired to our ANCESTORS."

"THE BRITISH BAKER":—
"The price of bread . . . is causing EVERYONE, EXCEPTING perhaps THE PUBLIC AND THE BAKER, a considerable amount of uneasiness."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To General Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, British Armies in France.

Dear Sir Douglas,—With deep thankfulness and warm admiration we have watched the victorious British advance, culminating in the capture of Combles and Thiepval, and completing the destruction of the German positions on the Somme. Especially gratifying is your intimation that the fighting in the last week or two, so splendid in its results, has been "singularly economical"—the total casualties being often less than the number of enemy prisoners taken. With restrained eagerness we await the further development of the Allied offensive; and meanwhile to you and your officers, and to every unit of your gallant armies, our warmest thanks are due. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Minister for War.

Dear War Minister,—You are not lacking the finer feelings of humanity, still less the gift of imagination, and I ask you to use both on behalf of the worn-out war horses which are being sold for a mere song. In that traffic there is likely to be torture, lingering torture, for the poor brutes. Exhausted in our battle service, working as our faithful allies till they can work no more, they are being huckstered for a few pieces of silver—to stagger decrepit under heavy loads, whipped by Egyptian fellaheen to their task, day in and day out, till they fall and die in agony. Even amid the unspeakable horrors of this war, sir, there ought to be mercy for beast as for man; and if we cannot bring home these poor creatures who have done their bit with uncomplaining devotion, then in the name of mercy—even in the name of love and gratitude—let us save them from an otherwise pitiless bondage by taking their lives by our own humane hands. John Bull.

To Henry Radcliffe, Esq., Shipowner, Cardiff.

Dear Sir,—In purchasing the Passmore Edwards' Convalescent Home at Limpsfield for the benefit of disabled sailors, you have shown in a very practicable way your well-known sympathy for those who at all times are worthy of their British stock, but who have displayed, particularly, bravery in these days when war has added new dangers to the perils of the deep. What we owe to the mercantile marine is not less than we owe to our splendid Navy. The more employers show these real and helpful forms of sympathy for those who work for them, the better for all of us. Capital and Labour must join in real business co-operation if we are to reap the best fruits of trade and commerce after the war.
John Bull.

To the Vicar of St. Paul's, Peterborough.

Your Holiness,—It seems that the members of the Peterborough City Council have had the misfortune to incur your saintly scorn. "Many decent people," you tell us, "have been scandalised by the vulgarity and impertinence of the discussions of the Council," and you go on to express the opinion that "they might approach their business with more sobriety of expression if they met at the forenoon instead of at night." Now, my only purpose in writing to you is to suggest that, if you want to make charges of this kind, you should use plain terms instead of nasty innuendoes. If you mean anything at all, you mean that when the Peterborough Councillors are "vulgar" and "impertinent" it is because they are drunk, and that is a charge you should at once be invited to withdraw or explain. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda.

Dear Lord Rhondda,—If there were more landlords like you agriculture would be in a better way, and your breezy and practical speech on the inauguration of the motor plough on the Herrick Estate, near Newport, of which you have become the owner, must have been worth hearing. With the lack of horses and of men, farmers will be compelled to rely more and more on machinery. The secret of future success, as you well said, is increased production all round. Your views on the war are just mine. As you say, "We are going to give the German a damned good licking." I couldn't have put it better myself. John Bull.

To Mr. H. J. Stenning, 40, Salisbury Mansions, Harringay, N.

Queer Sir,—I am marvelling at the sentiments expressed by you in a letter to a Tottenham newspaper, under the suspicious heading of "German Bravery." You seem anxious to apologise for all the atrocities of the Hun, and you dare to bring in comparison with them the behaviour of British troops in the Peninsular War under Wellington, and of the Japanese at Port Arthur. You speak of France, in the war of 1870, when "French honour forbade the violation of Belgian neutrality," and you say, "I doubt it." Who are you, sir, that you should have the appalling effrontery to doubt the honour of France? And why, speaking of "German workmen, Balkan peasants, English, French, and Russian mechanics"—why write that they "cannot be held responsible for the crimes of their rulers"? Do you see what you have written?—the "crimes" of the rulers of England, France and Russia! Your words read like the utterance of either fanaticism or lunacy, and they are all the more mischievous when coupled with your plea that "repression by force will be no security for the future peace of the world." I should be wondering what kind of a Briton you are—had I not a pretty shrewd notion on the point. John Bull.

To the Rev. W. R. F. Addison, V.C.

Dear Padre,—I think you are the fourth parson who has won a V.C. I need not recount the gallant and self-sacrificing service in the field by which you have earned the noblest of all British distinctions in war; it is by this time as familiar to us all as to you. It seems to me that it is a service for God and man greater and grander than any you could have performed by much preachment and many prayers. If all the Church put itself into khaki and went to the war, what a glorious Church it would be. What an inspiration! What an example! What a crusade! How much nearer and dearer it would be to our hearts to-day. I envy the congregations and the parishes who have parsons in khaki.
John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Mr. Samuel,—I believe the official "Daylight Saving" arrangements fall within your province, and at the moment of parting with our extra hour of sunlight it may not be amiss to drop you half-a-line. Already you have been kind enough to tell us how to put our clock back—what kind of a mess we might have made of it without your timely advice I tremble to imagine—and now that we are plunged at a stroke into autumnal gloom, we are able to realise how great a boon the novel arrangement has been. I think you may safely advise Parliament to make the change automatic for future summers. The whole scheme has gone like clock-work. John Bull.

To his Honour Judge Mellor, K.C., Manchester County Court.

Dear Your Honour,—A grab-and-hold-fast person made an application to you. A discharged and disabled soldier owed him some money, and what he wanted was leave to issue an execution—to sell up the poor fellow's bits and sticks. But I am glad he had you to deal with. For you refused the application promptly, and in giving that righteous decision you said: "I am not going to help a man who stayed behind, but I am going to do all I can to help those who have helped the country." On behalf of the "discharged and disabled"—and they are many—I would say to you but one sincere word—"Thanks!" John Bull.

To Stephen Walsh, Esq., M.P.

My Dear "Steve,"—Your sturdy patriotism has been in refreshing contrast with the mealy-mouthed pacifism of some of the Labour Members of the House of Commons, and your address at Wigan as Chairman of the Working Men's Section of the English Conciliation Board makes good reading. "Why," you ask, "should we always make ourselves the dust-heap and dunghill of the whole world? There are a thousand and one things which we can just as well produce on our own land and in the Dominions, instead of being dependent upon the foreigner." That is sound patriotism and sound sense. Continue in the good work. John Bull.

VERY "POINTED."

"The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot."—*Genesis 8. 9.*

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE BEES IN HIS BONNET—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

By Horatio Bottomley.

I BELIEVE the Bishop of London to be as sincere and honest in his convictions as he is charming and fascinating in his manner. And I am more than ever convinced of this after having had the privilege of an intimate and heart-to-heart talk with him. How it came about doesn't for the moment matter. Suffice it to say that a fortnight ago I was closeted with him in his sanctum at his London residence in St. James's Square, and that, over a cup of tea, we freely exchanged our views—from opposite standpoints—upon the situation which the present great world conflict has brought about.

The National Mission.

This, of course, was the main theme of our conversation. The Bishop is full of it; and after the interview he sent me an advance proof of his pamphlet—"The Church's Call"—which I am not surprised to read was "addressed in the first instance to his Diocesan Conference." This document summarises practically all we talked about—and its perusal has left me more than ever convinced that, despite his charm and sincerity, the Bishop has a bee in his bonnet. Here and there, it is true, he shows signs of despair over the manner in which the Church has failed to rise to the call of Armageddon. But he rapidly pulls himself together—telling us, for instance, that "the Church is the safeguard of the nation in every critical moment in its history," and even adding that it was the Church which "gave the nation the idea of its Parliament"—a pretty recommendation, forsooth! How the Church has been the safeguard of the nation in the present critical moment of its history we are not told. On the contrary, the Clergy are taken severely to task for their neglect to follow up "*every Churchman* who goes from their respective parishes to the battlefield." You note the limitation placed upon their solicitude. They are also rebuked for their dullness, their neglect of Intercession Services, their lack of touch with the world of labour, their internal discords, their sloth, and all sorts of other minor delinquencies. So far, viewed from the standpoint of an address to the clergy of his Diocese, I have nothing to find fault with—except to note the significant silence of the Bishop on the remarkable fact that whereas since the outbreak of the war certain offences have decreased in every other section of the community, they show an alarming increase in the case of clergymen, ministers, church workers, lay preachers, Bible readers and other professional exponents of the Gospel. It is a sad and cynical fact, and I have no desire to enlarge upon it.

The Bishop's Bees.

I desire for the moment to direct attention to what I consider to be the bee—or should I say the beehive?—in the Bishop's bonnet. Starting out with the astounding propositions that "every man was born to be a Churchman"; that every day "it is becoming plainer and plainer that man is not only born to be a Christian, but is born to be a Churchman; born to lose himself to find himself in the great Church," Dr. Ingram quickly switches off and comes to his queen bees—lust and drink. I have already indicated one direction in which his concern for the first mentioned sin might be extended, and I will simply say that, as the result of my conversation, I am satisfied that the worthy divine is absolutely innocent of the A B C of the subject. After all, what should a celibate Bishop, 57 years of age, know of such matters? I tried to explain the way in which his leg had been pulled over the music-hall promenades—a movement which originated in nothing more or less than a trade rivalry between the managers of certain halls which, on the one hand could, and on the other could not, be made to pay without the promenade. I also discussed various other aspects of the matter, and asked the Bishop to tell me in plain language whether he thought it practicable for the average healthy Britisher to exercise the same will-power over his natural instincts as he himself possessed. And I was amused at his answer. "After the war," he said, "men will lead simpler, healthier lives." Whereupon I asked him whether he was aware that teetotalers and vegetarians were notoriously the most enthusiastic worshippers at the non-celibate shrine. "Then men will have to marry at a much younger age," came the reply. And here again I ventured to suggest that it was desirable that before men and women bound themselves together for life, they should know something of the world in which they live, and have an opportunity for the formation of character—to say nothing of the provision of means for maintaining a family. The Bishop smiled and said that no doubt the subject was a difficult and complex one, "but we must obey the Divine law." Not being an ecclesiastical expert, I did not care to expose my ignorance by asking which particular statute—Biblical or otherwise—the Bishop had in mind.

Dr. Ingram and Drink.

So we switched on to the sister bee of Drink. And here I found my host more at sea than ever. He talked glibly about the annual drink bill of a hundred and ninety millions—not mentioning the fact that many of those millions went direct to the State in taxation; that many more went in wages; many more in local rates, and still more in the support of the farming industry through the cultivation of hops, malt, etc.—calmly putting the whole amount down to expenditure upon alcoholic refreshments. Nor did he say anything about higher prices; nor, if that fact is negligible, about the anomaly of this increased consumption following upon the heels of his much vaunted Control Board. And then I ventured to refer to climatic and other natural conditions, and incidentally asked whether the Bishop was opposed to the distribution of rum tots amongst our soldiers in the trenches.

"A Medicinal Question."

And here, as it seemed to me, the Bishop gave the whole thing away. "That," said he, "I have always considered a purely medicinal question, and that is why I have refused to associate myself with those who would deny the boys in the trenches such alcoholic stimulant as their officers and doctors might consider desirable." And, of course, I could not resist the obvious retort—"Then why not apply the same principle to the other branch of the social evil?" But the dear Bishop wouldn't have it. Drink might be a "medicinal question," but the natural normal instincts of mankind, never! Dear, simple, unsophisticated old Bishop, taking as "gospel truth" all the stories told him by prudes on the prowl! How wonderful it is that these great divines are so aloof from the life of the people. They cannot understand us, and they do not talk our language. Here is another example. "Why was the war sent?" Why, do you think? Here you are: "Was Sunday being better kept, or worship being better attended, or family prayers observed? *On these points we are convicted of sin.*" God! how those "sinners" are fighting and falling to-day—that the Bishops and the Churches may endure! Yes, my dear Bishop, it is *all* a "medicinal question." Try a strong dose—three times a week, after dinner, of Worldly Knowledge—and God Bless You!

GIVE THEM REPRISALS!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE, A LIFE FOR A LIFE.—GOD'S LAW.

By A. G. Hales.

HOW much longer are we Britishers going to sit down tamely and submit to Germanic devilishness? The longer we submit to it, the more we shall get of it. When the first hostile aircraft floated over British soil and slew members of our non-combatant population, we of this journal demanded an eye for an eye, a life for a life, as the only sure and safe means of putting an end to the methods employed by our enemies. The mealy-mouthed politicians, always on the look-out for the votes of the "kid-glove" section of the community, held up their hands in pious horror over the suggestion, crying unctuously the while, "What, shall *we* lower ourselves to the level of the barbarous Huns?". Whilst they snivelled and talked platitudes, the Germans went on slaying our women and children, our old men and our peacefully employed folk; and every time they visit us they become worse—and *they will be far more devilish in the future than in the past.* Count Zeppelin was not merely wasting his breath when he said recently, from a sick bed, that he would send eighty Zeppelins to wreck London. He *has* eighty Zeppelins—and more—at his command; and he and his master will not scruple to use them to batter London and butcher our women and babes if we do not change our attitude in regard to aerial warfare. The old law of an eye for an eye was the law of Jehovah, and is as right to-day as it was when it first stirred the world; it was meant for just such emergencies as we are faced with now, and for just such men. No other law will fit the crimes.

Bravo, General Sarrail!

The great French General who is in command of the movements of troops in the Middle-East is a pattern for our own paper-backed politicians. He has not hesitated to "grasp the nettle, danger" with a firm, strong hand. When the enemy began to blow the city of Bucharest to pieces, regardless of the fact that the women and children of our Roumanian ally were thereby done to death, General Sarrail informed the destroying Bulgarians that he would make reprisal by shattering the Bulgarian capital of Sofia. He can, and he will. I know Sofia well, and if I am not mistaken in General Sarrail he will raze it to the ground by means of his aircraft, and we shall then hear no more of raids from the air upon Bucharest. When are we going to hear the last of German raids upon London and other British cities, towns and poor little villages? I will tell you *when*, to an hour, we shall have no more German air raids here—the day after we send a great air fleet across the Channel, across Germany and into the heart of Berlin. I do not want to make war on women; let our Government discard old-fashioned methods, which waste time; let the Minister for War lay aside all diplomatic frills, which cause him to send his messages through Neutral channels—the time has come for him to say, by wire direct, to the German Minister for War: "Remove your women from your cities, for we are going to do to you as you are doing to us!" Then let there be no half-hearted measures; let the greatest of all the cities of Germany, including the capital, be blown or burnt off the face of the earth.

Can we Reach Berlin?

Yes, we can; our aerial fleet can cross the Channel and *rendezvous* in France; and the Italians, the Russians, and aircraft of all the other Allied countries can join up with the French aerial navy, and, sweeping over Kaiserland, teach the Germans one dreadful lesson. Nothing is more badly needed in this war than aerial combination between the Allies. Each can spare from the war zone a sufficient number of fighting machines to make in the aggregate a superb aerial fleet; and from the soil of France, so close to Germany, they could operate under a common Commander. We have learnt to combine our armies in such a way that blows are struck at the proper time on every front. We have also learnt to combine our naval resources so that all the fleets in all waters act as one. Why not apply the same principle to the air, and so teach the Kaiser and Count Zeppelin, by the only means they will ever understand, that attacks from the air on cities have to be paid for in havoc and bloodshed? We *must reprise*—let me coin that phrase. In this journal we do not follow precedents; we make them. It is our duty to our womenkind to reprise, and to keep on reprising, until we put the terror of eternal justice into the souls of the disturbers of the peace of mankind. One city laid in smoking ruins will do more to civilise the German people than all the rhetoric uttered in Parliament or out of it. Did we hesitate to reprise during the Indian Mutiny? have we in the past hesitated to reprise on the seas when pirates seized our merchantmen and wronged our women? It is the only tenable position that can be taken up by any nation in time of war—we must smite as we are smitten; otherwise any barbarian breed can sweep away a civilised nation.

Turning the Other Cheek.

I yield to no man living in veneration for the teachings of the Great Nazarene; but in the way those lessons have come down to us there is nothing to guide us in time of war. If we are to accept literally the doctrine of turning the smitten cheek to the smiter, then let us call home our soldiers, let us scrap our Navy, let the Huns swarm here as they have swarmed in Poland, Belgium, Serbia, Northern France. Let them seize our homes, our food, our chattels—aye, let them dishonour our wives and daughters, shamble our unarmed peasantry and enslave us all. For that is what turning the other cheek to the Hun really means; and, rather than that, it would be better for us to perish body and soul! We cannot have it both ways. If we are going to fight—and we are—to a finish, then we must make war as war is, not as we would like it to be. Would not a shepherd use any means to defend his sheep from a pack of wolves? Are not our women and babes of more account than sheep? Are the Huns any better than wolves? Those of you who think so have not looked during the last few days upon the smashed bodies—the torn and mangled limbs—of old and young, male and female, who fell victims to the midnight raiders in England. I have—and every fibre of my being calls aloud for reprisals, for vengeance—blood for blood! Our airmen are ready and willing for the fray; the temper of the people is ripe for reprisals—what is it the Government wait for? Do they wait for some awful world-stirring tragedy; for a whole city turned into a shambles? Will nothing less than *that* stir their sluggish blood? If that be so, they may not have long to wait—for nothing will embolden the Germans to send over their whole Zeppelin fleet like a timorous policy on the part of our statesmen. The only way to avert such a catastrophe is to lay down a stern policy and follow it ruthlessly. If you look up the back numbers of this journal, you will see that John Bull has foreshadowed correctly every aerial raid that has occurred weeks before the event; and to-day John Bull tells you emphatically that the only thing that will prevent Count Zeppelin fulfilling his ghoulish threat is immediate preparation for reprisals on German cities, great and small. Let your watchword be—"Reprise—reprise!"

DISGRACEFUL.

ANOTHER DEPLORABLE ALLOWANCE SCANDAL.

This time the victim is the wife of a soldier-teacher in the Royal Fusiliers, who has been on active service for fifteen months, was "in the trenches at their worst all last winter when weather conditions made life almost unbearable," fought at Vimy Ridge, Pozières and Bazentin, and has been twice wounded. Since he joined the Army in August, 1914, the Essex County Council have paid his wife each month his salary, less Army pay and allowances. Last July the County Accountant sent a letter to his wife, intimating that as her husband had not filled up a form sent to him in February last the County Council could not continue her allowance. In this letter the County Accountant enclosed another form which required her husband to give certain information. This form she forwarded to him at the Front. He returned the form giving the information required "by return of post," and on September 3rd ult. he received a cheque for 7s. 6d., representing the difference between his Army pay and his school salary. The County Accountant, with that desire for economy which so often animates sedentary officials at home at the expense of better men fighting abroad, even deducted an allowance of 2s. a week which the soldier's wife receives on account of a child born in February. Altogether, therefore, the Essex County Council have left this gallant soldier, who has spent his life's blood in devoted service to his country all this time, 7s. 6d. a month for the maintenance of his wife and three children. After all the country has promised to its soldiers and their dependents—after all the pledges it has given through its Ministers in Parliament that they should have the best and the most it could give them, as they deserve—is it not shocking, is it not disgusting, to read of cases like this one? The facts we have stated have been formally before the Chelmsford Education Authority, who have no spending powers. They are not to blame for the scurvy treatment of this soldier's wife and family, and we do not blame them. The very least the Essex County Council can do is to give the man what he received before he lined up as a soldier of the King. We cannot doubt there are members in the Council with a sense of justice and decency vigorous enough not to rest till they have put this wrong right.

RED TAPE RAMPANT.

THE WOES OF WORRIED WAR TRADERS.

As most people know by this time, there is a War Trade Department at 4, Central Buildings, Westminster, which during hostilities undertakes the supervision of the foreign trade of British merchants; and this recent off-shoot of the Circumlocution Office has incurred a good deal of criticism at the hands of the traders concerned, as the restrictive Regulations of the Department—the catalogue of things *verboten*—grow from day to day, and appear to proceed upon no clear principle. The following prohibition, however, may seem not wholly unreasonable:

> As announced in the Press, pictorial illustrations and photographs of all kinds, whether on postcards or enclosed in letters so addressed, and whether the illustration itself does or does not represent an object of interest to the enemy, are stopped and returned by the Censor.

The embargo is comprehensive; if you send a picture of your wife's aunt to a cousin in Chicago, or a photo of your back garden to a friend in Amsterdam, these "pictorial illustrations," though of no earthly interest to the enemy, will in all certainty be "Opened by the Censor," and returned neatly labelled to that effect. The idea, no doubt, is to obviate any undue strain upon the powers of discrimination possessed by the Censor's Department; but it is rather hard upon dealers in photographic goods, who are allowed to continue their export business only if they can satisfy the War Trade Department that they are the "accredited agents" of "actual manufacturers." Yet in one recent instance, a signed statement from a manufacturer that a certain dealer was in fact his agent was rejected by the Department—on the ground, apparently, that it was not formally addressed to them, but to the dealer himself, who was authorised to make what use of it he pleased!

WHERE MRS. BUMBLE RULES.

WHY POOR FOLK USUALLY FEAR THE POORHOUSE.

Dear old ladies of both sexes sometimes wonder why starving people do not rejoice to enter the golden portals of a workhouse. Langport Guardians discussed a matter that provides an explanation. A widow with three children was obliged to seek the shelter of the workhouse roof. She was put into the receiving ward and the key turned on her for two days. She "thought she was in gaol." At bed time "no soul came near her," and, though there were three beds to lie upon, the only bed clothes were three quilts, one blanket, and a rug on a perambulator. "She covered the children as best she could, but none of them took off their clothes." She could not ring, for the bell was broken, so she was unable to ask for anything, and she was left to herself after six o'clock at night. There were no towels, so she could not wash in the morning. The food was "not what she had been used to," but it was the ordinary workhouse diet, so she is probably used to it by now, though in those first days she and her children could not touch it. An unsatisfactory witness called before the Guardians was the nurse who received the widow and her little ones. "She said the woman made no complaint beyond that she had no matches. Somewhat heatedly, the nurse asked what was a woman of 40 good for if she could not look after her children. They were regular little pigs, and did the woman think she (the nurse) had nothing else to do but look after her?" Regarding the bedclothes, the nurse said "she did not have time to look; it was not her place to supply the receiving wards with clothes." And the nurse, like a perfect lady, announced that "the woman told abominable lies, and they had found her out since she had been there." In her virtuous indignation she declared, "Before that woman wrote letters, she should have something to complain of." We may be pig-headed in the eyes of that sweet nurse, but we really do think "that woman" did have just a trifle "to complain of," the gentle nurse being partly guilty, if the Matron spoke truth. For she, the Matron, said "she did not know what clothes were in the receiving ward, as that was the duty of the nurse." In the end, the Guardians concluded "there had been laxity of administration in the receiving ward," and called upon the House Committee to improve matters. The improvements will not arrive too soon.

SEX AND THE CINEMA.

LONDON PICTUREHOUSE PROPRIETORS EXCEED THE LIMIT.

We have never attached undue importance to the alleged immoral influences of cinema entertainments, but where the limit of decency has been really overpassed, we are as ready as any of our contemporaries to utter the needful protest. In this direction the "limit" is approached by the Management of the Rutland Park Cinema, Willesden Green, in a circular issued in the form of a personal letter to male householders in the district. The letter purports to be signed by a leading actor in a cinema film, and runs:

> Dear Sir,—
>
> What Would You Do?
>
> If your wife made life just hell on earth; if she tortured you with fiendish skill each moment of the day, and with wantonriotous living drove you to distraction, and your neighbour lived in heavenly bliss with a wife whose very presence brought happiness, could you help envying him? And suppose with woman's keen intuition your neighbour's wife divined the secret of your sorrow and was kind to you, in the agony of loneliness, would not your heart cry out for such a woman's love? And suppose fate cast you upon a desert isle bearing this woman in your arms, the sole survivors of a terrifying catastrophe. And suppose the shock had deranged her mind so that in her strange madness she called you by her husband's name, gave you all the love she had for him, and that night came to you as she had always come unto her husband; I ask you, as man to man, to candidly answer my question, "What would you do?"

"What I did," adds the supposed writer, "will be shown at the Rutland Park Cinema, High Road, Willesden Green." We venture to suggest to the proprietor of the Rutland Park Cinema that advertisements of this kind are distinctly "over the line."

The Pen worth a pound, the "John Bull" Pen. Coupon page 20.

"*Tales of a Toffee-Tin.*"

This is the Tin that found its way to the hands of a Red Cross Sister

No. 1:
"*Amongst the Creditors.*"

...nd behold these valiant warriors scrambling, ...nunching, crunching,—blessing the names of Miss Nightingale and those who make good toffee.

...aring his big troubles with a brave heart, Tommy grouses at the little worries; and perhaps it is for the same reason that he loves the little simple luxuries, while the expensive comforts of life leave him cold. The fighting life teaches appreciation of the trivialities that go to make ...ntent: give a soldier the choice between a box of smokes and ... tin of Mackintosh's Toffee—and you'll certainly have to give ...im both.

And there is much sense in the judgment of all those soldiers, children, and grown-up ordinary mortals who like the simple homely sweetmeat that comes from Halifax. For apart from its toothsome delight, there is a wealth of nourishing food in every bite of it; pure sugar, butter, thick rich cream, and the like, combined in the way which John Mackintosh knew twenty years ago would make Toffee-de-Luxe the favourite of everyone who had a sweet tooth.

To the Trade only.

The extensive advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, and the fact that it is so good, pure and delicious, have made it a staple product of steadily increasing and enormous demand. Both Wholesale and Retail Trade are strongly urged to provide for this increasing demand by revising their stocks at once.

John Mackintosh, Ltd., Halifax, England.

It is simply a duty to treat our Soldiers or Sailors to lots and lots of Toffee-de-Luxe. Ask one?

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins, by confectioners everywhere.

1½d. per oz.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 24.

Keeping Faith

For over 20 years the "SWAN" has maintained a standard of quality and durability in Fountain Pens which has gained for it a reputation for supreme reliability.

The manufacturers propose to keep faith with their customers and dealers by continuing to sell all models at the same prices as before the war.

Others have put up their pen prices about 20%, but the makers of

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

will not inflate their profits, which at the present time would be at the expense of Soldiers and Sailors and their friends, to whom a "Swan" is almost a necessity.

Greatly increased sales since the outbreak of war have more than counterbalanced any nominal increase in cost of production.

SEND YOUR SOLDIER OR SAILOR A "SWAN" AND SAVE 20%.

Standard pattern with slip-on cap from 10/6 up.
Safety pattern with screw-on cap from 12/6 up.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Size 1. 10/6.
Clip 1/- extra.

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney. Associate House: Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.
London Factory: 319-329, Weston Street, S.E.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 24.

A SHOCKING CHARGE.

MYSTERIOUS PROCEEDINGS AT A WELSH COURT.

A great deal of mystery seems to attach to a recent case at the Blaina (South Wales) Police Court, when William Williams, a collier of Nantyglo, was charged with ill-treating his daughter, a nine-year-old child. The evidence tendered was of a revolting nature, the principal witness for the prosecution being an Inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who gave the following account of the child's condition at the moment of his merciful intervention :—

> Her right arm from the shoulder to the elbow was a mass of bruises ; between the shoulders there was a bruise six inches wide, extending from the left shoulder to the right side. There were a number of bruises on the back of older date. The others, however, were blue-black in colour, and the edges inflamed, proving that they had been recently inflicted—etc., etc.

We need not go on through the whole catalogue of horrors ; there was much more to the same appalling effect. There was corroboration of the child's cruel injuries, first by P.C. Lloyd and afterwards by Dr. W. L. Pritchard, of Brynmawr. When the Magistrates retired to consider their decision, there seemed no element of doubt in the case, but on their return to Court the Chairman of the Bench mysteriously announced that it was " hardly worth while going any further," and the case against the father was dismissed. Who then was responsible for the child's injuries, and why has the culprit not been brought to justice ? And what happened in the Magistrates' retiring room to cause them to dismiss the case in this summary manner ? To these questions there has up to the present been no answer, and we are bound to say that such secret proceedings are to be severely deplored—not least in the interests of the defendant himself, who when acquitted is entitled to have his innocence made clear in the light of day.

AN INSURANCE TRAGEDY.

CRUEL ACTION OF AN APPROVED SOCIETY.

A typical instance of the hardship resulting from the slipshod administration of the National Insurance Act is reported from a Northern town, the facts being vouched for by a correspondent whose authority is indisputable. A young woman insured under the Act became seriously ill, and as she seemed to derive no benefit from the ministrations of her panel attendant, an independent doctor was called in. He found the patient in a high state of fever, with a temperature of 103 degrees, and from the general symptoms, aided by an examination of the chest, it was not difficult to diagnose the case as one of advanced tuberculosis of the lung. Indeed, the poor girl's condition was hopeless, and her earlier experience, therefore, full of tragic interest. It seems that her complaint had originally been diagnosed by the panel doctor as " bronchial catarrh "—the medical name for a common cold on the chest—and she was then given a certificate entitling her to draw " sick benefit " from her Approved Society, the doctor further recommending that, if possible, she should be sent to the seaside. At this critical moment, and believing that her illness was of a slight nature, the poor girl got married to a soldier on leave from the Front ; whereupon the officials of her Approved Society declined to pay her the sickness allowance, on the ground, as we are credibly informed, that " nothing ailed her," the Secretary afterwards stating that he " had yet to learn that disablement benefit was for the purpose of providing funds for a honeymoon." The doctor's certificate was wholly ignored, and even when the patient's malady had developed into acute phthisis, no more sympathy was shown—so that from April last until her death on the 26th of July the unhappy girl received not a penny of benefit in return for the contribution she had paid to her Approved Society !

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The stirring music of the Guards
Our rousing welcome smothers,
Because the Garde Republicaine
We deem a *band* of brothers.

If John Bull only had his way,
The workers of sedition
Would very soon be raised to a
More suitable position.

The Board of Trade let Huns go free
Upon their mere parole,
To carry on their businesses
Which trade from Britons stole.

The reprobate, Count Zeppelin,
Moans his frustrated aims,
And weeps like anything to see
His gas bags fall in flames.

If all who merit the V.C
By valour in the war
Received the Cross, it seems to me
We'd soon exhaust the store!

The thrifty coster's hoarded gold
He hands the State with glee,
To help to pave the road which leads
To certain victory

THE RHIN

By THE

Nothing Can Save Germany!
Tipperary Drawing Nearer.

CONFIDENCE is victory's finest instrument. Our splendid fellows, who are winning Waterloos almost every day and securing triumphs each one of which would have decided battles in the old days of warfare, make victory certain by their confidence and their courage. The end is in sight, whatever the cautious politicians may say. Germany is awake to the horrible truth that her dream of world-Empire has been shattered by the shells of the Allies, that her "place in the sun" has been for ever hidden in the clouds of defeat. Neither the defiance of a Bethmann-Hollweg nor the strategy of a Hindenburg can save her. Where she dictated the fighting, she now falls back in disorder. Fortresses laboriously fashioned underground—strongholds which her mechanical power has made, as the Hun thought, impregnable—have fallen before the might and magic of the Allies. Combles, Thiepval, and Gueudecourt, the Hohenzollern Redoubt—places and names which seemed to bear a charmed life for the German, have become charnel-houses of his ruined hopes—sepulchres of his long preparation. For us, for our Allies, they mean victory; they mean the Rhine—yes, and Berlin. Germany I told you only a fortnight ago was in despair. To-day all are agreed that defeat is in the minds of the Kaiser and his lords of war.

Tipperary Drawing Nearer.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary" has ceased to be the war-song. It is well that it should cease; for—fine as were its strains in the early days of Armageddon when all were marching to the unknown, when victory or defeat was on the knees of the gods—it was a song of vague longing. To-day the Song of Victory is in the hearts of the fighting men, and the Litany of Despair is chilling the lips of the foe. Where all was arrogant in the mouthings of the military, all is now apology and explanation. You cannot, even if you are a German war lord, deceive a nation all the time; and now that the "impregnable" places of the Hun's hold on Northern France have fallen to the guns of our armies and the martial grit of our fighting men, explanations and apologies to the German people are mingled with fire-eating denunciations of the foe. There are some of our stay-at-home critics who, with the caution of the man who never commits himself, would have us realise how small is the advance compared with the distance between the Somme and the Rhine. They look at the map, and contemplate the casualty lists—and, measuring the miles gained against the lives lost, tell you with a superior smile, that brings murder into the heart, that at the present rate the last men of the contending armies will expire in each other's arms long before the German is turned out of Flanders. That is the kind of pessimistic nonsense which might have had some effect in the days when we won a mile and lost a mile—when the victory of the morning became the defeat of the evening; when the dread prospect of stalemate was in the minds of those who, forgetting British traditions and French history, imagined that the German's half-century of arrogance could outweigh the mighty influence of heredity operating upon historic peoples. It was an insult to the British race ever to allow the figure of defeat to flit across the clouds of fancy. We went into this war to win this war. We staked our Imperial reputation and our age-old traditions on breaking the back of the Kaiser's power and reducing his domineering nation to its due size and importance among the communities of men. It is a task which we have had to prepare for during the time of its accomplishment. We are always accustomed, in our bluff, blundering British way to put the cart before the horse—a somewhat unpractical and expensive method. But while we have been both fighting the foe and forging the weapons for annihilating him, we have never lost heart—never for a moment believed that defeat could sully our arms.

Don't Measure the Map!

I say, then, to those who measure the map and see no comfort in the victory of Combles, no sign of impending triumph in the gallant capture of Thiepval, that the gains of the last fortnight are victories greater in their significance, wider in their spreading influence upon the moral of the enemy, than any of the great battles of history. Do not forget that for nearly two years the German has worked and planned to make impregnable these underground citadels, these subterranean fortresses. He has vainly boasted that never until the close should his invading heel be withdrawn from the land of our magnificent Ally. He looked forward to holding his position in the West, while in Central Europe and the East the machine broke down all resistance. Then—when Italy had been crushed, Roumania wiped out, and mighty Russia broken before the concentrated force of Germany and Austria—there would be time to settle accounts with France, and afterwards, from the vantage ground of the invader, dictate terms to the Allies. But the way to victory is the will to victory, and dogged determination, born of unassailable confidence, is now in the hey-day of triumph. Remember, the Germans held Thiepval and Combles as part of a great and powerful line of offence. That line has been broken, never to be re-made. The Hun may try to recover his breath for a moment. He will seek to fashion anew his line, now no longer one of attack—only of defence. But our Armies have dislodged him from his strongholds, have burnt and blasted him out of his underground fortresses. Having got him on the run, they will not allow him time to recover. We have the men and the munitions; and it is death, death, death to the German, until—battered and broken, robbed of his arrogance, and stripped of his military strength—he asks for an armistice, and begs for Peace. Don't mistake me. I have never under-rated the mechanical power of the enemy, nor questioned his military genius. What I have done is to preach the gospel of the all-conquering soul of Britain and the unquenchable spirit of France and Russia. It is soul and spirit that triumph over brute strength and ruthless

NE WHINE.

IE EDITOR.

Neutrals, Beware! Two Voices: - - - Out of the Ring!

machinery. And to-day we almost hear the ringing of the joy-bells celebrating the great Peace.

Two Voices.

It is something more than coincidence—it is Fate—that the German Chancellor and the British War Minister should both have been giving their views to the world at the same moment. Germany may make a final effort, but I repeat, it is the struggle of the defeated against inexorable Fate—the last hours of the dying wrestling with death. There is something grotesque and fantastic in the death rattle of the lying Chancellor. Round his throat and the throat of proud Germany is the iron grip of the Allies. They cry out in their agony; they hope to avert the end which is decreed—they whine and call for help. Soon the cry will be for mercy. In the vain endeavour to strengthen the waning courage of the German people, Bethmann-Hollweg declares to the world that it is detestable Britain that is making a holocaust of humanity and piling up mountains of dead. When they marched, ruthless and ravaging, through Belgium; when they drove back the Russians through the marshes; when they murdered inoffensive women and children in the crime of the *Lusitania*, it was war—red, relentless, but justifiable. Now that the tables are turned and the march to Paris has been converted into inevitable retreat to the Rhine, they squeal and whine, do these soldiers of the Devil, these emissaries of the Evil One. It is true—grimly, hideously true—that, as Bethmann-Hollweg says, it is Germany "first and alone" which must "declare readiness for peace negotiations." The cry, "Hold, enough!" must and will come—not from Paris, from London, or from Petrograd—but from Berlin, from Vienna, from Constantinople. How long will the German nation believe the lies let fall in the Reichstag? How soon will the full meaning and extent of the Allies' onward march boom its death-knell upon the vain hopes of the Central Powers? In Hungary, where the truth has already penetrated, dissension and intrigue are rife. The Magyar sees his liberty mortgaged to the Hun, his hopes of national independence swallowed in the whirlpool of war. Austria, once great under the proud and overbearing rule of the Hapsburgs, is fighting for very life against the Italians; Bulgaria is threatened on every side by the combined power and spirit of Russians and Roumanians. Turkey, the dupe and catspaw of the Kaiser, sees the fate of all who play false to historic obligations looming dark as the portals of Hell; Greece robbed of her national rights by a timid and spineless king, is taking the laws of life and liberty into her own hands, and the recreant Constantine is between the devil of revolution and the deep sea of abdication.

Neutrals, Beware!

No wonder, then, that Germany is adopting the rôle of the injured innocent, and looking to the great and callous world of the Neutral for pity and comfort. Not for the first time, as I have warned my readers, the Hun is prowling around in the hope of snatching any bone of peace before war leaves him broken and starving. While he threatens the thunders of Jove, he pretends that we, who stood outside the ring of military preparations until good faith and national honour bade us enter, naked and unequipped, were the real aggressors—that on us rests the crime of decreeing the conflict! Our hands were clean—the world knows it. They be now red with the blood of our enemies, and they will be washed white only in the waters of a dictated and enduring peace. In their agony, in the desperation of defeat, the Kaiser's henchmen are calling out for revenge upon Britain. They have sent their Zeppelins, not in ones but in tens, to rain down fire and destruction upon us—and we bury the murderous crews and make captive the engines of hate! Now they shout for new submarine infamies; their distracted and impotent Chancellor makes fresh vows of vengeance, and in their Parliament House invokes the powers of darkness to his aid. But he knows—the Kaiser knows, von Tirpitz and Reventlow know—that while the terror that goes beneath the waters, like the murderer that flies by night, may snatch a lucky "triumph" here and there, and add a few more innocent victims to the holocaust of the Hohenzollern, neither the Zeppelin nor the submarine, devilish though their methods may be and ruthless their manners, can delay for an hour the predestined doom of the Hun. Submarines in their scores lie fathoms deep in the waters around the coasts of Great Britain. They are the sharks from Hun shores which, starting out to prey, have in turn become our quarry.

Out of the Ring!

Locked in the fraternal embrace of a righteous cause, the Allies have bled, suffered and endured. Now that the sun of victory is rising high in the heavens of our achievement, let none dare to dispute with us the prize, or attempt to play the broker in the settlement. It was the Secretary for War who, when Agadir was set up as the excuse to quarrel with France, spoke the word to Germany which kept the sword of the Hun in its scabbard, and sent the ships of von Tirpitz back to harbour. Now, speaking as the Civil head of the mighty Army fashioned by the magical skill and influence of Lord Kitchener, it is once again Mr. Lloyd George who interprets our thoughts, and cries "Hands off!" In the hour of our trial—in the days when the Allied fortunes seemed to hang in the balance—the pride of the Neutrals kept them secure and held them in philosophical aloofness from the arena of the fight for Humanity. Once, twice, thrice, they could have spoken thunderous words of denunciation of rapine of murder, of wanton destruction and ruthless killing. But they held their peace, content to watch the bloody combat from a safe distance. And when the call of Civilisation seemed irresistible, and the cry of the innocent fell upon their ears in poignant notes, they played the Pharisee's part and passed by on the other side. Take warning, ye who have waxed fat on war and grown rich while half the world has groaned in death-grips. We will have none of your intervention—keep out of the ring!

THE TALK OF THE ARMY

OUR PERFECTLY TAILORED MILITARY BREECHES

Cut to Your Measures by Expert Breeches Makers

In Strong Khaki Cords and Drills.

12/6

Per Pair.

Superior Qualities.

21/- 25/-

30/- 35/-

Breeches for Civilian wear in Strong Riding Tweeds, Cords, etc., at just about half the price usually charged.

No matter where you are, we can SEND YOU PATTERNS and SELF-MEASURE FORM with all instructions also Measuring Tape and Guarantee to Fit you Perfectly. (Please state whether for Military or Civilian Wear)

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.

(Dept. B. J.), 29, Gt. Titchfield Street,

Oxford Street, London, W.

ENGLISH HAND MADE LACE

Made by the Cottagers of Buckinghamshire.

Our Laces were awarded the Gold Medal at the Festival of Empire and Imperial Exhibition, Crystal Palace, 1911

DAINTY HANDKIE. No. 918. 2/- each. Lace 1¼ ins. deep.

Write for the absorbing and descriptive little treatise entitled "An interesting Home Industry"; this contains over 100 striking examples of the lace maker's art, and is sent *post free* to any part of the world.

Ladies' Underwear made and trimmed with Bucks lace by expert needlewomen.

Collars, Fronts, Plastrons, Jabots, Yokes, Fichus, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, Stocks, Camisoles, Semise Sets, Tea-cloths, Table Centres, D'Oylies, Mats, Medallions, Quaker and Peter Pan Sets, etc., from 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, up to 21/- each.

No. 112. Price 9d. per yard.

THE BUCKS COTTAGE WORKERS AGENCY

(Mrs. Armstrong's Lace Makers)

OLNEY, BUCKS.

Riley's Home Billiards

You will be delighted with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £3 15s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5 15s. cash, or 15 monthly payments of 8s. 6d., is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £13 10s. cash or in 13 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories and carriage to any address within one mile of railway station. *Illustrated Catalogue Free.*

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Manor Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms:—147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

A HIELAND LEDDY.

LOWLANDERS AND ENGLISH BARRED.

Hoots awa'! Mrs. Burnley Campbell has sent round the fiery cross, and the heather is ablaze—in Glasgow. There was a meeting of the An Comunn Gaidhealach (which, in the base English tongue, is the Highland Association) at the Christian Institute, Glasgow. Please note specially the venue. Mrs. Burnley Campbell was up in arms against the Red Cross Society, which had accepted £1,000 from the Association to provide a ward for Gaelic-speaking soldiers. But into that ward, supposed to be reserved for the Highlanders, had been admitted—mark the enormity!—some interloping Lowland soldiers, and—horror of horrors!—some actual English! In the names of Rob Roy and Harry Lauder, was this sacrilege to be permitted? Not if Mrs. Burnley Campbell knew it! So she and her friends demanded their money back. She was persuaded to permit the Red Cross to retain that £1,000 "if satisfactory arrangements are made"; failing that, the hospital people must stump up the bawbees. The Association is even going to see the lawyers about it, and the lady is prepared to pay the bill out of her own sporran, if necessary. She was, we are sorry to say, supported by two Christian ministers in that Christian Institute. One other minister did venture upon a little mild dissent. He thought they had been "treated cruelly" by the Red Cross, but they must remember "the money had been expended on the treatment of Scottish soldiers"—(these being the men belonging to Lowland regiments)—"who had fought and bled for their country." And then followed this:—"Mrs. Burnley Campbell—'But they were nearly all, or a great many were, English.' Mr. Macdonald—'Well, even English. I would even go the length of that!" How good, how kind, how humane! "Even an Englishman," having fought and bled for Britain, would not be thrown out of the hospital by that Christian minister—whatever the other Highland ladies and gentlemen might do. We do not believe the attitude of the Highland Association is the attitude of Scotsmen generally. We are sure a wounded comrade—even an Englishman—would not be denied succour and loving-kindness at the hands of a good Scot. And let us, for one brief moment, suppose an unsupposable thing; let us suppose that English hospitals were forbidden to treat Highland soldiers. It is an impossible thought, but think it for a moment. *What would Scotland say?* Try to realise what Scotland would think—and think rightly. That is what we are thinking now about the Highland Association.

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, of Bristol have issued some splendid playing-cards, with their famous "Hello, Daddy!" and "Always Merry and Bright" pictures on the back. These will be sent to any member of H.M. Forces on receipt of postal order for one shilling. They are really handsome cards of very good quality, and we are told that one firm alone has purchased more than 100,000 packs.

PLUNDER AND POLICEMEN.

HOW JACK PAYS TOLL AT THE DOCKS.

It is time the Port of London Authority took in hand an inquiry into the scandalous and audacious way in which some of their policemen plunder seamen entering and leaving the various London Docks. We have before us a complaint signed by a number of seamen, who all attest to the fact that on every occasion where a seaman has a small parcel, whether he has a pass signed by his ship's officer declaring it to be his *bona fide* personal effects or not, he is not allowed to take it out unless he first greases the palm of the policeman at the gate. When returning aboard in the evening he is detained at the gate and put to every possible inconvenience unless he tips the officer in charge. On the other hand, no questions are asked and no inconvenience caused as long as Jack has his sixpence ready. All this creates in our mind the impression that any unauthorised person has, or would have, easy access to the docks by oiling an itching palm. This police levy is made not only on Jack, but upon his officers as well. The officers, better able to afford the money, submit to the graft and say nothing about it; but Jack works hard for slender pay, and in general he can do with all he earns and a bit more without having to pay baksheesh to a policeman every time he leaves or returns to his ship. "Should a vessel be in port, it costs Jack quite a sum if he is to pass in and out of the gates without inconvenience. Seamen would not mind giving something at the end of their stay, but this would not suit the P.L.A. police." This being so, it is up to the Port of London Authority to put an end to the graft or get some new policemen.

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

The day's results at Newmarket may have their effect on the remainder of the programme, but leaving them out of consideration, I fancy to-day (Wednesday) that Pollen will win the October Handicap, Erl King the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, *Reprisal the 68th Triennial, and Whitewash the Boscawen Stakes. To-morrow (Thursday) the Jockey Club Stakes should be good for *Kwang Su. The Snailwell Stakes should go to Dulce Domum, and the Thursday Nursery to the Via f. On Friday Gay Lally should win the Norwich Handicap, Grizzel Grim the Ditch Mile Nursery (Class I), Kronslott the Second Class of the same race, and Calder Vale the Bretby Welter.

A word of warning. Be on your guard against various bogus firms who are endeavouring to take advantage of the Censor's new regulations in reference to foreign postal business, by exploiting well-known names. Mr. Douglas Stuart, for instance, has opened an office at 5, Drury Street, Glasford, which is his *only* address for commissions previously executed at Liestal.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for September 30th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 046,728 and A140,106. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

I KNOW BLACK CAT cigarettes are the best value obtainable. They have a better flavour and are bigger in size. I *always* smoke them now.

Black Cat

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 4d. EXTRA LARGE.

10 for 3d. MEDIUM.

Every packet of BLACK CAT cigarettes contains one of the series of 140 War Cartoons by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, the great Dutch artist. *These cartoons have been passed by the Censor.*

CARRERAS Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C. Estd. in 1788.

See the bright green band is around each 4d. packet.

82.B.

The War Tonic

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THIS war is taxing Men and Women to the utmost. Many are breaking down under the strain. The nerves go wrong, digestion is impaired, the blood becomes pale and poor in quality.

Thus most of us need a tonic—something that will, as it were, re-wind the mainspring. Iron 'Jelloids,' The Reliable Tonic, by enriching and strengthening the blood, reinvigorate and energise the system. A fortnight's treatment of Iron 'Jelloids,' costing 1s. 3d., will convince you of their great Tonic and Restorative properties.

A Chemist's Assistant, R.A.M.C., writes:—"Please send me a large box of Iron 'Jelloids,' No. 2A. I find they are the best thing I can take."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.

Reliable Tonic for Men ..... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.
For Anæmia in Women ..... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children ..... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists: price 1s. 3d. Large size, 3s.

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds).

Same in Gallipoli.—Same in France.
Always "Erasmic."

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"ERASMIC"

SHAVING STICK.

Does not dry on the face.

PRICE 10d

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 24.

"THE MAJOR"

(soliloquising)

"Quite a discriminating young fellow, our new Captain . . . said he could offer me a better cigarette than I was smoking . . . Jove! he was right, too. . . . A man who can find out a good thing like this won't be long before he gets his Majority . . . . must make a note to get some. . . . What's the name? . . . Ah! Cavander's 'Army Club' Cigarettes."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Prices—9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's, for 6s.

CAVANDER'S,
261, *High Street, Glasgow.*
The Firm of Three Centuries.
ESTABLISHED 1775.

London Postal Address:
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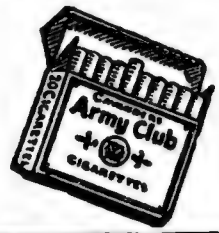

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Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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For all Diseases of

CHEST, LUNGS and THROAT

There is nothing to equal Veno's. Mamma, Daddy and Baby Cured.

Mrs. M. Holt, 13, Cyprus Street, Stretford, near Manchester, says:—"The first of us to use Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was my husband. He got wet one day, and this caused a severe cold and cough. We tried quite a lot of things without benefit. It was a hard, hacking cough, and it persisted for weeks. However, in the end he got Veno's, and actually after some three doses he felt better. Of course he kept on with Veno's, and soon there was no trace of the cough left. Since then we never think of using anything but Veno's for coughs and colds. It has cured me of relaxed throat and cough, and I have also given it to my baby when he had a cold while teething. It has cured us all, and is a splendid family medicine."

Mrs. Holt.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. ADDRESS: **Box 3.3, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.**

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS & COLDS,

11½d. a bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger Sizes, 1s. 3d. and 3s. The 3s. size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

CARRY ON

A POEM, under the above title, has just been written. It contains noble and timely sentiments, and a strong human appeal. Acting for the author, who wishes to remain anonymous, I will send a print of this poem, in two colours on antique paper, FREE to those interested.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE,
76, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never blind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.
For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 33) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

DUTY FREE TOBACCO.
Clarkson's Special Twist.
An Ideal Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.
2/4 per lb. Postage 1/ extra.
Dispatched to Expeditionary Forces. Send P.O to—
JAMES CLARKSON & SON,
83, High Street, Falkirk.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 24.

THE EMBERS OF REBELLION.

ASTOUNDING SCENES IN THE CITY OF LIMERICK—DISLOYAL BISHOP HONOURED.

At the outset of the war, we ventured seriously to warn the Government of the danger arising from the circulation in Ireland of seditious newspapers openly espousing the German cause; and it has since been conceded that these corrupt journals were largely instrumental in seducing a section of the Irish people from their allegiance to the Crown. Yet it will scarcely be credited that, after the bitter lessons of the Rebellion, the authorities are permitting a revival of this pernicious agitation—especially as Ireland is still to a large extent under martial law. For instance, ample powers exist for the prompt suppression of such an offensive sheet as the *Irish Nation*, recent issues of which are open to the severest objection, both upon patriotic grounds and in the interests of law and order. Without paying this traitorous rag the unmerited compliment of extended quotation, it may be generally stated that its whole tendency is to glorify the German nation, to rejoice in the supposed embarrassments of the British Government, and, in relation to Irish affairs, to voice the views and sentiments of the disloyal and discredited Sinn Fein faction. The traitor Casement and the leaders of the Dublin Rebellion are eulogised as saints and martyrs, while British Ministers and the loyal Nationalist leaders are held up to every form of obloquy that political spite can invent. In short, the *Irish Nation* is a publication of exactly the same type as those which before the crisis in Dublin were wickedly permitted to scatter the seeds of sedition; and with the tragic events of Easter Week freshly in mind, we demand its instant suppression.

We had hoped, for a time at any rate, to avoid comment upon the delicate situation of Irish affairs, but when treason is allowed to ride rampant, the duty of silence is at an end. To "hope for the best" may be a natural impulse, but we cannot be blind to the tendency of such events as, for instance, the granting of the Freedom of Limerick to that dangerous and disloyal ecclesiastic, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Roman Catholic Bishop of that city. To their credit, the Cork Corporation declined by a majority to honour this avowed traitor, but at Limerick no such scruples appear to have been felt. It will be remembered that Dr. O'Dwyer has more than once abused his position of authority and influence over the Roman Catholic population to denounce the British Government, and openly to espouse the cause of the Sinn Fein rebels. He had recklessly fanned the expiring embers of civil war, and since the Rebellion has obstructed the efforts of Sir John Maxwell to restore order to the disturbed and wasted province. Yet this is the man upon whom the City Corporation of Limerick confers the highest honour in its gift—"amid scenes of enthusiasm," as the local reporters state. Here is an extract from a descriptive account of the affair supplied to the *Cork Examiner*:—

> Upon his arrival at the entrance to the building, his Lordship was accorded a most hearty reception. Cheer after cheer was raised, and the Bishop repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments. The entry of his Lordship into the Council Chamber was the signal for a remarkable demonstration. Every member of the Corporation and general public rose, and to the accompaniment of loud and prolonged cheering the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, with the Mayor and his sergeants bearing the Corporation mace, proceeded to the dais.

A pretty scene! But no mention of it will occur in the "discreet" London press; we doubt if its echoes have penetrated the shutters of Whitehall. In relation to Irish affairs, the "ostrich" policy still obtains, and some day, unless there is a change, we shall pay another instalment of the inevitable penalty.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Oct. 7th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day *(Strike out one of these.)* Oct. 7th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....
.....

GROWS NEW HAIR IN TWO WEEKS.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.

Most men take baldness as something inevitable, as though it were a kind of Income Tax or Water Rate—though why, it passes understanding. There is no more reason why hair should cease to grow on the top of the head than on the sides of the face—and most men have to shave to the end of their days, or wear a beard. If you are finding the hair growing grey or getting thin in patches, buy a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, and use it according to directions. As a business man you know the value and the meaning of a guarantee. Well, the chemist who sells you the bottle will give you his *own* personal guarantee that Lavona Hair Tonic will prevent your hair from falling out, grow new hair on the bald places, and turn the grey and faded colour to its original shade, or he will *give you your money back*. Lavona Hair Tonic is put up in attractive sprinkler stoppered bottles, retailing at only 2s. 11d. per bottle. It is not a secret preparation, being prepared from the well-known old-fashioned formula calling for 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, 3 oz. bay rum, and ¼ dram menthol crystals, which can be mixed at home or by your chemist; but if you wish the guarantee of satisfaction or money back, always ask for Lavona Hair Tonic—"the kind that's guaranteed."—[Advt.]

FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box. 1/-
Freemans SOUPS
Watford

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. LING, 14, Lulbourn Road, Spruce Hill, Walthamstow. 16th September. 006951.

HARRY DAWSON, 13, Kingswood Street, Gt. Horton, Bradford. September 9th. 777,334.

R. W. LYNCH, 373, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow. 9th September. 097,839.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 30th:—

013,792	294,107	563,275	856,429	A166,904
030,714	330,459	568,349	883,060	A185,337
055,347	376,860	582,815	915,875	A207,742
083,328	387,214	624,763	964,391	A259,678
126,450	420,537	657,410	991,768	A284,465
139,694	458,893	689,538	A033,642	A320,854
177,227	491,265	733,927	A058,780	A346,029
200,918	499,410	749,096	A072,329	A394,776
246,541	510,389	764,459	A097,534	A407,135
267,206	543,626	787,543	A142,263	A417,887

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 11th).

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Shave and brush up? Yes-sir. This chair, *if* you please. No, you needn't take your glasses orf. Ain't going to shave your eyebrows, am I? Bit pugnacious them eyebrows, sir; combined with the spectacles, makes you look fierce-like, but, bless you, t'ain't safe to go by looks always. Ten to one you've got a 'eart as tender as a chicken. What? me call you chicken-'earted? Certainly not, sir, it was only my way of speaking—figger of speech, you know. Am I an artist in words? Not much. Now, if you want an artist in words, I can interdooce you to one. You'd be much obliged if I would? Well, then, 'ow about Rudyard Kipling? Steady, sir; if you flinches like that, you might get cut, and it'd ruin my reputation if you was to go out of my shop with a bloody chin. Ha! ha! That's a bit of Kipling, that is. He's an artist in words, and that's one he'd use—if he had to, mind. If the tale couldn't be told proper without it, in it'd go, and it'd fit so true that all the Bishops couldn't say a word agin it. That's where the artist comes in. Which reminds me he ain't got any poetry off his chest durin' this war like he did durin' the Boer scrap. Remember "The Absent-minded Beggar," sir? Ah, you do. Thought p'raps you would. Well, that's what I call a poem, *if* you like! Don't think much of it, don't you? Why, man—beg pard'n—sir, look at the thousands of quids it brought in fer the soldiers and their families. Only there ain't much absent-mind about our soldier boys to-day, is there? The lads is thinkers now, most of 'em, and some o' the big bugs'd sit up a bit if they knew what it was they was thinking of. Kipling's done a bit abart some o' the sailors—Fringes of the Fleet, and The Trade—no, not the License-Vittallers, the Submarines. But if I was Mr. Asquith, I'd say, "'Ere, Mr. Kipling, 'ere's a blank pass, go where you like and when you like and write what you like, and the blooming Censor shan't touch a word of it. You can say a blooming lot without making mischief; and you've got it in you to find out jest what the country wants to be told, and you is jest the very identical person to put it in black and white. There's deeds being done every day by our heroes that *needs* a Kipling to dot 'em down in letters of gold, so, please, Mr. Kipling, go ahead!' That's what I'd say to him, if I was Mr. Asquith. . . . [Thank you, sir, much obliged. Morning, sir. . . .] *And that's what I've said to him, though I ain't Mr. Asquith!*

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

By Our Own Celebrated Neutral.

COUNT REVENTLOW.

I found Count Reventlow, "the frightful," vainly endeavouring to swamp his chagrin in Munich lager.

"Ha! Herr Count!" I cried, "Well met!"

The Count visibly brightened at my cordial greeting, but his face fell as I proceeded to observe that I had not seen any of his brilliant articles in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* lately. "Is it true that you have been muzzled," I asked, "and if so, why?"

"Alas!" sighed the apostle of ruthlessness, "it is only too true, and speaks ill for my beloved Fatherland."

"How can it speak ill for Germany when, according to the official statement, you have been gagged 'in the interests of public safety'? I demanded. "Surely it means that the powers that be in the Fatherland are studying in every way possible to guard the fortunes of the German Empire?"

"Reading between the lines it means more than that," replied the Count, frowning. "It indicates that the German Government is preparing to abandon its policy of frightfulness with a view to making terms with our enemies. It means that the All-Highest is beginning to doubt of ultimate victory, and is making ready to bow to the sickly sentimentality of the so-called civilised world, though an abandonment of ruthlessness and war against women and children and other non-combatants at this stage will be looked upon by the watching world as a sign of weakness."

"I think you are right," I said. "Nothing you Germans do now can possibly wipe out the recollection of the atrocities you have committed in the past. If you came to the bar of the civilised world in a white sheet, the bloody stains would still show through and clamour for justice rather than mercy. But, although a mere hack journalist, you have carved for yourself a niche in history which will endure."

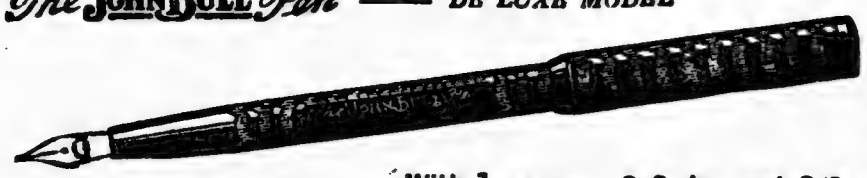
"Ah!" exclaimed the Count complacently. "Yes, I think I shall be remembered."

"And execrated," I murmured. "You have done your best to educate your fellow countrymen and women to be fiends, and have not been altogether unsuccessful."

"Fiends!" exclaimed the Count, springing up. "Not fiends, but good Germans."

"The terms are synonymous," I replied, also rising. "I wish you all that you deserve in the way of reward. Good day."

The JOHN BULL *Pen* —— *DE LUXE MODEL*



With 1 coupon 3/6, by post 3/8
13 coupons 2/6, „ 2/8

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, Standard Model. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. *(Oct. 7, 1916.)*

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

CATARRH DEAFNESS

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

LEGION OF HONOUR

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He has now cured himself by a simple home appliance and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and wishes that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from:

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

You may have been disappointed by other methods but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

All you need know

about an electric lamp is that it bears the name

MAZDA

Efficiency follows:—Lamps marked Mazda give most light and consume least current.

Economy follows:—Lamps marked Mazda save money—not only on current, but also on renewals, because of their great strength.

Reliability follows:—Lamps marked Mazda give greater certainty of service—good long life—good clear light.

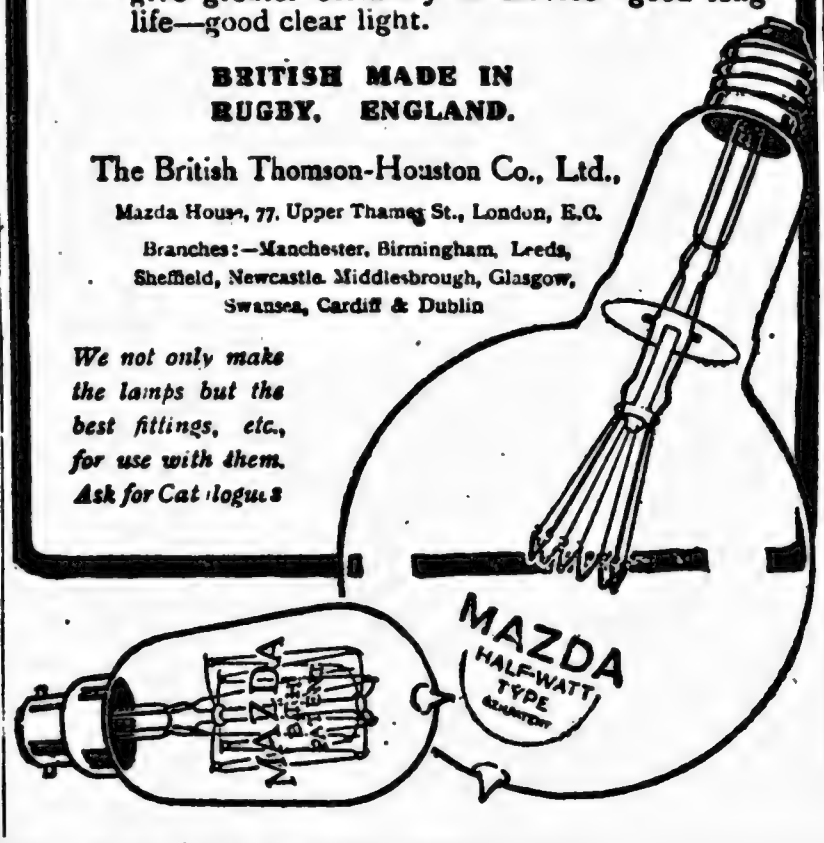
BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY, ENGLAND.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.,

Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

Branches:—Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Glasgow, Swansea, Cardiff & Dublin

We not only make the lamps but the best fittings, etc., for use with them. Ask for Catalogues



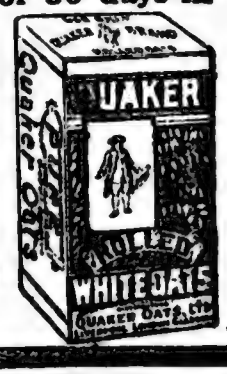
Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 24.

The Boys in Khaki

are strong on Quaker Oats—the food that gives the 'well-fed' feeling.

THE BIG PUSH had to succeed. It was made by men who grew up on Quaker Oats, and are eating it now. The food that puts the "big push" into every human effort. Try it for 30 days in your house.

No other food solves the high-cost-of-living problem—so perfectly and so delightfully too—as Quaker Oats.



Quaker Oats

QUAKER OATS LTD., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C. 17/4

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

Authorised Capital	£1,000,000
Shares Issued	700,000
Shareholders	4,000

Chairman, Mr. Thomas Farrow.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened with £5 and upwards, and 2½% interest paid on approved credit balances.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS opened with any sum, and interest paid from 3½% to 5%, according to notice of withdrawal.

CALL OR WRITE FOR SPECIAL BOOKLET.

Head Office: **1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. W. & CO.

SPECIAL WHOLESALE VALUE.

This really charming Stole and New Barrel Muff (as illustrated) in fine quality NATURAL MUSQUASH particularly hard-wearing and becoming.

63/- the Set.

Money returned in full if not thoroughly satisfied.

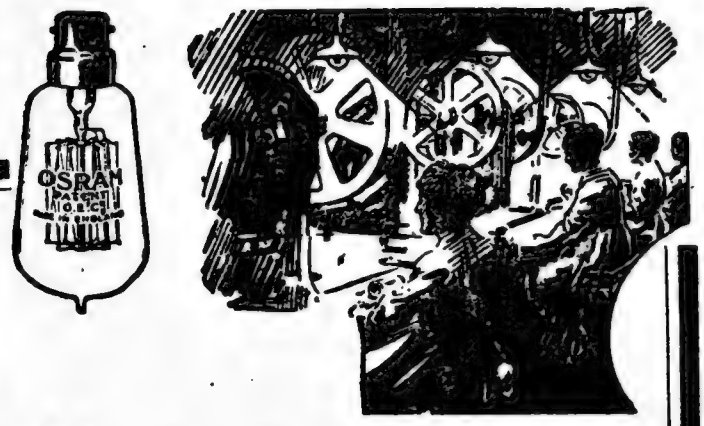
Thousands of Fur Sets and Fur Coats in stock to choose from, all equal bargains.

A visit of inspection is highly esteemed, or a postcard will bring Illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,

145, Cheapside (1st Floor), London, City.

Also 10, St. Ann's Sq., MANCHESTER; and 2, Lands Lane, LEEDS.



Made by British Workers in a Model British Factory.

Because of its economy in current consumption, strength and long life, Osram is the most popular British-made lamp. Adds to cheerfulness in the home — efficiency and comfort in the factory.

Osram

G·E·C

DRAWN WIRE

Lamps

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

Iron mould—watch it vanish!

A rust stain does not mean a catastrophe now. Moovol saves your blouses from the rag-bag, because it absolutely clears the stain away whilst you look. A touch, a gentle rub, a wait of two minutes, and the stain is no more. Removes *'Iron-mould,' Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains, from*

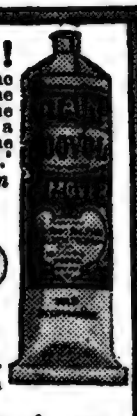
TRADE MARK

MOOVOL

Regd

Clothing, Marble, etc.

A thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the yellow tinge from linen.



Send 1/2 for a sample at once.

EDGE'S, Bolton, Lancs.

Sold by all description of Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, Grocers, etc.

In 6d. and 1/- tubes.

1 Pair outlasts 3 to 6 Pairs All-Leathers. FREE BOOK "SOLE OF STEEL"

The comfort, economy, and durability of Steel Boots is amazing. Thousands throwing away leather-soled boots, clogs, etc. Steel Boots keep feet dry. No colds, sore throats, rheumatism. Saving in doctors' bills more than pays for them. They fit fine and feel easy—so light and comfortable—no Corns, Bunions or Soreness.

SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL 'TRY-ON.'

Send for my free book, "THE SOLE OF STEEL," and learn how to save £2 to £3 on your Boot and Repair Bill.

H. H. RUTHSTEIN, 303, Steelories, Northampton.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Costumes, Blouse-Robes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 24.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Drawn by Snails.

The chaps at Sydenham are beginning to think that the mail vans are drawn by snails or caterpillars. The letters are very late in delivery, the Inland post sometimes taking from eight to twelve days to reach them.

Made in Germany.

Within sight of the Huns' lines some of our soldiers in France have the privilege of purchasing packets of stationery, each of which contains an artistic picture post-card on which is printed the line:—"Copyright. James Henderson and Sons, Ltd., London. Printed in Saxony." It is interesting to note that the cards are described as "The Lovers' Series."

Lost, a Greatcoat.

Driver J. Carpenter, 2980, West Lancs. R.F.A., Hut 4, Bettisfield Park Camp, Salop, recently travelled from Liverpool to Crewe. He placed his greatcoat on the carriage rack and forgot it when he alighted. He thinks that some other soldier took it by mistake. If so, we would ask the man who picked up the greatcoat to note the above address.

The Cornstalk's Complaint.

Australian soldiers write to us complaining that parcels of clothing and comforts sent by their friends at home do not reach them, and ask what can be done. We can only advise them to knock around the camps and see the goods sold to our own Tommies. They may bear marks of identification, which will lead to a stramash such as the Antipodean soldier usually puts up when he finds things going wrong.

The Funeral Question.

The other day a man was passed out of the Army after being in hospital, where the doctors did not observe that a small splinter of shrapnel was still in his brain. The poor fellow went for a walk and fell in the street. He was taken to hospital, was operated upon, and died. His people wished for a military funeral, and were told that they might have one if they paid all expenses! It is otherwise when a covey of dead German murderers fall into our hands.

A Life Saved by JOHN BULL.

In the Bethnal Green Military Hospital lies one of the good old "Die Hards" who owes his life to his JOHN BULL. A fortnight ago he was in action in France, having a rolled-up copy of this journal in his tunic pocket. He was caught in a gust of shrapnel, a small portion of which pierced the folds of the paper and entered his chest. The doctor tells him that but for this fact he would have been a dead man. Thus we not only secure the soldier his rights, but actually save his life!

Give Them Their Due.

The outlook at the moment suggests that we are in for another winter campaign, which, owing to the climate, will on the Western front be more or less a "sit down." We have in France the remnants of our original Expeditionary Force, many of whom have not seen home since the bugles called them to arms. We earnestly hope that, if we are to go through another winter of it, these men will be sent back to England, their places being taken by the Divisions who are here fully trained and becoming stale for want of a fight. The late Lord Kitchener promised last year that, if possible, he would have the original men home, but unfortunately the exigencies of the situation prevented this. We commend the matter to Mr. Lloyd George.

Catterick Camp.

We had a stroll through Catterick Camp the other day, and were amazed at the number of unfit crocks who are still kept there in uniform. They include soldiers suffering from heart disease, consumption, double rupture, hammer toes, and cross toes—individuals who, as soldiers, are not worth their rations. They have to undergo hard work, and we can only take it that they are being kept where they are until they finally break down completely—then to be thrown on the human scrapheap.

"Doing It Proud."

A sergeant of Artillery, somewhere in England, keeps a boarding house. He recently detailed a number of men to dig his garden and cut his hedges, to whitewash his kitchen and other rooms, and to pull a hand waggon loaded with furniture which he wished to shift. His wife unfortunately died, and she was buried with full military honours. The soldiers in the district did not grudge this latter service, but they are wondering why their own pals who die are sometimes not granted a gun-carriage and firing party.

"Deutschland Uber Alles"—

Even in England, as we sometimes point out. At Brookwood the other day an Officers' Instruction Class was engaged in digging trenches when the rain came pouring down. Within twenty yards of the young officers some German prisoners were constructing a road. The Huns were allowed to don their great coats and take shelter in a stable near by, but the gallant Britons were compelled to remain out in the rain. One of the latter ceased digging in order to rest his back, and as a result the Colonel gave him an extra hour's drill and stopped his week-end leave. The Prussian scoundrels, by the way, laughed at the "English pigs"—who dare not retaliate on them.

A Paying Concern.

We dislike having to criticise institutions supported by the philanthropic public which are supposed to look after our soldiers, either free, gratis and for nothing, or at a small cost. We had an Earl Roberts' Rest House Star Medal Day last week, one of the principal claims of the management for support being that "five thousand meals weekly to sailors and soldiers cost money; help us to carry on." As all the attendants are volunteers, and, we understand, pay for whatever food they have, we would ask the Secretary if the meals are granted to soldiers and sailors free, or if it is a fact that they have to pay for them?

An Admiralty Disclaimer.

"My Lords and Commissioners" of the Admiralty, through one of their officials, ask us to state that naval men who are over 45 years of age may not claim their discharge and return to civil life under existing regulations, as was stated recently.

Joy-Riders.

It sometimes happens that the skipper and the second in command of some of our small craft like to go blackberrying or shooting rabbits. In our opinion, it is hardly playing the game when in pursuit of their pleasure they keep their crews on duty while they could be at home with their wives and families.

Goo-goo-eyed Gloves.

The minesweeper men and other small-craft sailors complain that they are served out with the ordinary steering gloves, which become complete wrecks after a few days' wear. They have, however, been approved by the authorities, who, necessarily, know little about such matters. A superior glove, we understand, has been offered to the Admiralty, but has been turned down.

Darby and Joan.

A little time ago we put in a plea for the married women who are not yet used to military life, and wish to have their good men sent home for a rest. The ladies of the Senior Service make a similar request, whilst we daily receive letters from Bluejackets—youngsters, no doubt—who shout "Spell O!" and want to get back to their wives. We should like to see every man get a rest after arduous work; but war is war, and we all must carry on. When the fight is over we will have a good time, and let us comfort ourselves by looking forward to it.

Looking for Trouble.

Whilst a certain ship was in a region where submarines are not unknown, her skipper noticed that some soapsuds had fallen on the deck, where the stokers had been having their necessary bath and washing their clothing. He stopped the ship for three-quarters of an hour and ordered the stokers first to clean the deck and then go out in the boats to scrub her sides—which were unsullied. Another boat's crew was away at the time, so by taking this high-handed action the Captain exposed his vessel to destruction, as there was not sufficient crew to man the guns, and the vessel, not being under way, would have fallen an easy prey to any sneaking submarine. We hope the circumstances have reached the Admiralty, and that they have shown their displeasure in unmistakable manner.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Rfn. W. Cannon, 19375, King's Royal Rifles; Pte. J. W. King, 2954, C Coy., Royal Fusrs.; Pte. P. Sprules, 7291, D Coy., Middlesex; Pte. J. F. Drummond, 12041, C Coy., Royal Berks.; Pte. G. F. Parker, 249796, No. 1 Coy., 7th Canadians; Pte. J. Nicol, 19395, B Coy., Royal Scots; L.-Cpl. W. May, 8503, Machine Gun Detachment, Dorsets; Pte. A. E. Cuthbert, 10669, B Coy., Royal West Kents; Pte. H. Robinson, 1927, A Coy., Royal West Kents; L.-Cpl. G. Robinson, 6994, B Coy., Queen's Royal West Surreys; Pte. J. Arnold, 334, C Coy., Tyneside Scottish; Rfn. A. V. Everest, 2238, C Coy., Queen Victoria's Rifles; Pte. W. E. Cook, 74182, A Coy., 28th Batt. 6 Bde, 2nd Canadian Contingent; Pte. T. J. Wightman, 20949, C Coy., Border Regt.; Cpl. C. G. Armstrong, 3996, D Coy., Lancs Fusrs.; Pte. P. Mills, 2146, A Co., K.O.Y.L.I.; Sapper E. H. Jones, 96902 177 Coy., R.E.; Rfn. R. H. Larkin, 2890, A Co., Queen Victoria's Rifles; L.-Cpl. J. S. O'Reilly, 519, D Coy., Northd. Fusrs.; Pte. Chas McGentry, 18744, Z Coy., L.M.G.S., Royal Dublin Fusrs.; L.-Cpl. M. Shuster, 22-33285, 18th Lancs. Fusrs.; Pte. D. Shuster, 22-33292, Lancs. Fusrs.; Rfn. C. Russell, 179, C Coy., R.I.R.; Pte. J. Taylor, 4010, 12 Reinforcement, 16th Batt., 4th Bde., R.I.F.; Rfn W. Brown, 3069 A Coy., W. Y. R.; Sergt. A. L. Blyth, 975, C Coy., Royal Scots; L.-Cpl. Dugald Campbell, 18252, A Coy., Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. T. J. Cleary, 3479, 2nd Regt., South African Infantry; L.-Cpl. P. S. Livermore, 1937, B Coy., Middlesex Regt.; Pte. P. Downing, 3791, C Coy., att. L.G.S., Sherwood Foresters; Pte. E. W. Cook, 18329, D Coy., 13th Essex Regt.; L.-Cpl. H. Humphreys, 1642, 49th Batt., 15th Bde., A.I.F.; Pioneer J. D. K. Robertson, 146563, 43rd Sub-Sec., 4th Coy., R.E. (Chemists); Pte. G. E. Brown, 4753, A Coy., Royal West Kents; Pte. A. Lynn, 8362, C Coy., Royal Irish; L.-Cpl. M. Philip, 360, B Coy., Northd. Fusrs.; Second-Lieut. Walker, Y Co., Lancs. Fusiliers.

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The most wonderful cure for Blood and Skin Troubles and Contagious Diseases has been discovered in South Africa. It is called Domigo, and is extracted from a secret root known to the natives for centuries. It is now working the most marvellous cures in England. It cures even when everything else fails—often in a few days. To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments, together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin troubles, for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

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Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons & pollutions.

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Send to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the Trial Treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

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will do away with the labour of floor scrubbing if they have their floors covered with Catesbys famous CORK LINO. This is the original Cork Lino, wears for years, and looks well all the time. Look at the money this saves. Patterns and prices free if you mention this paper.—CATESBYS, LTD. (DEPT. 19), TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

An old chap, who was really beyond military use, came back to the Colours like a trained war-horse. He soon broke down, and found himself penniless in London and without a pension. We did what we could for him.

A discarded soldier who faced the assegais of the Zulus, and afterwards the bullets of the Boers in the old war, was in the workhouse when he wrote to us. One of his two sons was killed in Flanders and the other is missing. The poor fellow pleaded for sufficient money to take him out of the workhouse and provide him with a pedlar's licence and some cheap stock—which request we immediately complied with.

The daughter of a soldier died, and there was danger of a pauper's funeral until the distressed father came to Long Acre and laid the case before us.

The Central Pensions Office, in Baker Street, appears to be in a state of muddle, with the result that many more or less destitute people come to us who would not have to do so if the issue of their pensions was properly looked after. The Army and Navy Insurance concern is also a defaulter, the officials there appearing to expend their time in wasting stationery. Some of the victims receive the same form over and over again before obtaining the money due to them, whilst many are compelled to seek our relief.

In Liverpool, there is a Town Hall Fund for the widows and dependents of those who fall in the war. A woman lost her Blue-jacket son and threw herself on the mercy of the Committee, who granted her a few very small sums and met the last application by a refusal—based on the fact that while the lad was alive the mother received only his allotment. The letter concluded: "I am afraid your trouble is caused by the ill-health of your husband, and so you ought to apply to the Relieving Officer at Broughton Terrace for assistance." The poor creature has a sick baby and an ailing husband; fortunately for her, she thought of our fund.

An old soldier rejoined and was invalided back to civil life. Shortly afterwards, his wife died. He had the sum of exactly 4s. 9d. with which to inter his helpmate—so he called upon us, with the customary result.

As we have said, it sometimes happens that those who are in a position to grant relief out of public funds turn down appeals, sending the applicants to us. Amongst several callers last week who had been treated in this way was a man whom we had already helped, and who refused work we succeeded in finding for him. Having cadged until all sources of supply had been dried up, he was, however, forced to accept a job, which he gave up after a few weeks. He then went to a person in authority, who sent him to us with a letter of recommendation—which we naturally ignored, as we relieve only cases of unavoidable distress and do not intend to help lazy men to live in idleness.

A soldier in the pink of health was riding his horse when it slipped and rolled ove him, breaking his foot in six places. He was more or less mended in a military hospital, and sent away without a pension, as he did not receive his injuries in the face of the Huns. He cannot walk yet, and has to live on his mother, whose troubles were already great. We did for him what we know the subscribers to our fund would wish.

We were called upon by an old soldier of the last generation. He has five sons serving at the front, four of whom are married. The single man's allotment to his father, added to the old age pension, means an income of 8s. 6d. weekly. The old warrior, who is 76, has just past through an illness, and was very hard up. We naturally gave him a helping hand.

A broken down Tommy sent us a pitiful letter, stating that he himself was ill in bed without pension, and that his wife had been removed to hospital. We did not turn a deaf ear to him.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

T. W. H. (Harrow), £2; R. T. L. (Devonport), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. N. L., 5s.; "In Memory of a Dear Brother 'Gone West,'" £1 1s.; "Cooks and Stewards, H.M.S. *Motagua*," £1 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. J. F. (Malta) 5s.; F. S., 1s.; G. H. R., 5s.; A. P. P., 1s.; A. P. (Brecon), 1s.; "Three Subscribers, H.M.S. *Seahorse*," 7s.; W. E. P., 1s.; G. S. J. (Forest Gate), 5s.; J. W. C. (Hong Kong), 14s. 6d.; "A Man in the Street," 1s.; E. M. (Manchester), 5s.; B. H. C 1s.; A. J. (Shepherd's Bush), 2s. 6d.; "C. III., Leith," £1 1s.; G. H. (Mussoorie), 10s.; F. W. C., 1s.; "Gipsy," 6d.; Mrs. D., 2s.; W. H. F., 5s.; "Knala Kubu," 5s.; "Mine Sweeper's Wife," 1s.; C. A., £1; "08092," 1s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s 9d; R. M., 1s.; "Aldersyde," 2s. 7d.; E. S., 1s.; E. A. C., 2s.; "Working Lad," 1s. 6d.; A. M. M., 1s.; Mrs. A. C., 2s. 6d.; F G., 3s.; A. McC., 1s.; T. J., 1s.; M A. M. D., 1s.; Capt. C. N., 3s.; "An Admiring Reader," 1s.; "Rex," 1s.; "Naval Hutments Section 4" (per A.S.), 17s.; "The R.N.V.R., S.W.S.," 10s. 6d.; W. B., 2s.; A. M., 2s.; "075335" (B.E.F.), 2s.; A. E. P., 5s.; Anonymous, 6d.; "A Soldier's Mother," 2s. 6d.; "Grayski," 5s.; "Three Members" (Cosy Corner Club), 1s.; L. B. B., 5s.; J. M. G., 1s.; D. S., 2s.; "Marion," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; W. J. S., 6d.; "Gladys," 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Constant Reader," 3s. 6d.; F. F., 2s.; 34185's Girl," 1s.; Mrs. M., 1s. Mr. J. Fogarty, the winner of the first prize in our 264th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

COLLECTING BOXES.

PONTYWAIN.—Mr. W. Hawes, Twyncarn Road, 2s. 1½d.

YSTRAD.—Mr. F. Shortman, 67, Gelligaled Road, 3s.

LONDON.—Mrs. L M. Shaw, Bazaar Tavern, 10, King Street, Portman Square, 2s. 11d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlotte Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Gearing, 59, Hargrave Road, Holloway, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, 7s. 6d.; Mr. J. E. Crump, "Duke of Edinburgh," Crichton Road, Wandsworth Road. 2s. 7½d.; Mr. G. A. Deacon, 499, Fulham Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. M. Livermore, "Atlas," Seagrave Road, Fulham, 2s. 7d.; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 3s. 10d.; Mr. C. Butcher, "Admiral Hawke," 191, Jamaica Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Captain and Crew, s.s. *Dulwich*, East Greenwich, 15s.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 17s.

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(Absolutely British)

McClinton's Hibernia Shaving Stick .. .. 1s.
McClinton's Hibernia Shaving Cream (in opal pots) 6d. and 1s.
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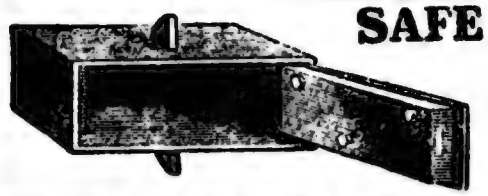

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This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:
Bay Rum .....1 oz.
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These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—[Advt.]

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. Financial, Insurance, Legal and Sporting inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

H. D. (Watford).—So far as London is concerned, there is no doubt our aeroplane gunnery and searchlight defence are improving.

"En Amie" (British Columbia).—"You have a stout heart." True, gentle lady—not to mention a slight tendency to physical embonpoint.

Miss M. A. (Lowestoft) thinks we are "incapable of judging Mr. Asquith fairly." We do our best.

W. S. (London, E.C.)—*re* Germhun influence near the Throne—says "We want a red-headed Queen Elizabeth in trousers around England these times." Everybody to his fancy.

"Miner's Wife" (Shotton).—Our articles "give the impression that we like to see justice done." Our soul is mirrored in the printed page.

D. B. D., Ltd. (Liverpool).—Your information has been noted for future reference. Otherwise, we regret that "our inimitable style" is all used up for this week.

Miss E. G. W. (Bombay).—You wish us "to use our immense influence on the side of temperance." But our chaste example is a powerful aid to all the cardinal virtues.

Driver J. H. B. (Salonica).—We do not consider it "waste of time" to read letters from you boys. It's a treat. Cheero!

Sergt. R. H. W. (Essex).—We agree that a soldier's wife, who is the mother of three, has plenty to do and little to spare with a Separation Allowance of 22s. 6d. to 26s.

D. C. (Leicester).—Had you read us with any care, you would know we have long been pressing for a Naval Flag Day.

"A Contributor."—"As the trains leave Wanstead Park Station for Leytonstone they commence to fire up; consequently there is a glare from the firebox which lights up the whole sky." It looks as though the authorities also ought to "fire up"—and also "fire out."

T. A. D. (London, N.W.).—We take no pleasure in criticising a clergyman; we would rather praise a good one. The Church, largely, stands aloof; its doors are not, as you say, "always open." Some are closed except on Sunday.

W. G. A. (Hatfield).—The plea that "an old woman should be spared criticism" is radically unsound. On such a basis, half the Cabinet would obtain total exemption from the candid word.

F. E. T. (Melbourne).—"If I am in England when Business Government comes, I think I could run a Government Department on business lines." Perhaps, if we're pushed, you could manage two.

A. T. (Great Winchester Street, E.C.).—We might remind Lord Kimberley that the work of a Special Constable is often of greater value to the community than "fiddling about" on an Appeal Tribunal.

R. S. R. (Maidstone).—As sub-titles for John Bull you suggest, "A Tonic for Timid Persons," or "A Purge for Preposterous Pifflers." Forcible, very, but the least bit too medicinal.

"A Wounded Tommy" (Essex).—The statement of Lieutenant Fanthorpe that "every man was fit for some form of military service, unless he was totally blind," was a fair sample of the nonsense talked by some over-zealous Military Representatives. What about idiots, paralytics and deaf-mutes?

"Disgusted" (Doncaster).—Young man, 20, officially employed, wages 25s., exempt as indispensable. You, married, three children, must join up immediately. No wonder you are "Disgusted."

"Wounded Soldier."—Can we tell you "why an ammunition firm hid the powder and shells when the Government Inspector was about to pay a visit"? If such stories could be proved, the War Office should take action, for the sake of men's lives.

Mrs. P. (Cumnoch).—"A friend sent to a soldier in the fighting line a writing pad, value 9d. She had to pay 1s. postage. What do you think about that?" Our thoughts are unprintable.

"A Sister Who Mourns."—Kitchener's men, who answered the first call, will never be forgotten, but it is not yet time for a memorial. For the sake of those who fell—the war first!

J. W. B. (Whitehill).—Every sympathy with your brother, mistakenly arrested as a "deserter." As he has willingly joined up, it would do no good to argue the case. Let us wish him a happy return instead!

G. E. P. (Peckham).—For 50 men, you complain of the last workman's train in the morning from Peckham Rye. Third-class carriages overpacked, four or five first-class carriages empty, and an "indispensable" eligible Collector pouncing for excess fares. Reformation recommended to the Railway Company.

"Mayo."—At picture palaces in Mayo, British soldiers and sailors on the screen are hissed, and the King's picture is greeted with "Down with King George and Up with the Kaiser!" You ask, "Can it be stopped?" Yes, if Mr. Duke is better than Mr. Birrell. But just fancy hissing soldiers and sailors—their own people, perhaps!

"Wigton Pump."—So Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay brought an action against *John Bull* in 1824, and the Court was going "to inquire into the truth of certain facts." It was not us, for the "truth" of our "facts" needs no inquiry. All our facts are true.

J. M. G. (Liverpool).—A Colonial having lived in England for the past five years comes under the Military Service Act. Your shilling has been added to the Fund, with thanks.

"A Yorkshire Tommy" tells us that "round about Driffield and Beverley, farmers' sons jeer and laugh and pass remarks about wounded soldiers when they see them in the streets." Such horrible skunks are beneath a Tommy's notice; but they are not "real Yorkshire." They are throw-backs to lud knows what.

"CURIOSITY" (Blaenavon).—"Was Lord Kitchener afflicted with a glass eye?" Aren't you getting mixed between Nelson and Cinderella?

S. C. & T. (Birmingham).—Every editor to his edit.

"HORACE" (Coventry).—"The combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Mary?" More than seven. You must be *kept* in Coventry if this is a habit with you.

A. S. (London, N.).—"About Italian ice-cream saving of £300 a season is an absurdity as great as the imbecility, spitefulness, and nasty-mindedness of your informant." Will present your compliments to our informant.

H. H. M. (Bradford).—We agree with you that the various volunteer corps are doing valuable work for the country.

"ANZAC."—"To ease copper shortage, make pennies the size of a farthing, make halfpennies in iron, and cut out farthings altogether." Bow Street is near us and we have not observed any shortage in coppers.

S. S. C. (Hornsey).—We "registered" *our* protest against the use of the Alexandra Palace for the internment of Germhun prisoners long ago.

E. E.—Thanks for sending us the long list of changes of name by Deed Poll effected since the outbreak of war. The legal position, however, is that anyone who has taken this step after the first few months of the war must be either of British birth or naturalised.

MRS. W. (Redditch).—"All we need to make us absolutely perfect is a column on Dogs." Alas! many considerations debar us from attaining perfection by going to the dogs!

"ALICE" (Halifax).—No, you were not too late. Further coupons for our record "Bullets" offer are to be found in this week's issue.

"FIGHTING RATEPAYER" (Paddington).—A big, wasteful envelope apparently. We note, however, it was addressed "Superintendent Scavenging Department," and inscribed "Quotation For Manure." Perhaps he wanted samples.

MISS J. (Pinner).—Advt. noted. If five servants are needed to wait on one lady, she must be some lady.

EX-SAPPER R. E. (19, Groves Road, Barnes, S.W.).—Anybody who would like to purchase the *Summary of Information* (the first trench magazine) published by the 2nd Cavalry Div. Hqrs. should apply to you.

J. F. J. (Leicester).—All we can say is that we wish the Government had commandeered the milch cows as they commandeered the wool.

L. & P. (Milford Haven).—That is not a name and address. We did not refer to the "election of the Poor Rate collector" because paper is scarce, and we have to economise space. For 10s. Treasury note for "Greatest of These" Fund, thanks.

W. H. S. (Belvedere).—What's wrong with Public Notice to "*Men* born in 1899"? They were babies then; they are men now. And why jump because "Customers must pay for their *own* drinks"? They are their own when paid for. If we "remunerate" you, you offer to "discover" more quibbles. Pray don't trouble.

W. S. (Westcliffe).—"Is a 1s. piece dated 1816, with the Queen's head nearly worn off, of any value?" What Queen?

W. W. D. C. (West Croydon).—Your excuse for writing "at such length" is that you "had our weekly article in your mind." Just as the water slops over when you drop a brick in a bath.

"AULD REEKIE" (Musselburgh). — "Give us something hot next week." Regret your complaint did not arrive till after the editorial furnaces were damped down.

B. R. (Margate).—Poetry about Zepps: "Since the Kaiser first inflated his gills, He's been nosing around all our mills, Big indemnity bills will empty his tills, And the final collapse of the Kaiser." We suppose you mean well.

A. E.—As you tell us that, only a few months back, you "did not know how to write to us," we sigh for a return of those blissful days. One queer thing you call yourself is "A poor brush." Wipe us off your slate with it, madam.

RIFLEMAN S. (Middlx. Lunatic Asylum).—If your letter is a joke, it is a very bad one. If genuine, we are deeply sorry for you.

"ARDENT READER" (Clydebank).—Sorry we haven't space to chronicle "the activity of the Heads of the Local Police." It looks as though the inactivity of their heads was the principal source of the trouble.

H. F. (Sydney, N.S.W.).—"If all land-sharks could be put in the sea, and all sea-sharks put on the land, great good would be done." You have a pretty wit.

J. B. (Accrington).—"I have been a Liberal all my life." But why employ such archaic phraseology? The old Party distinctions are as dead as refrigerated mutton.

"BRITAIN'S MOUTHPIECE" (Brixton).—When you write to us on foolscap, don't use both pages at once. In the attempt to follow you, we have "wrecked" our neck in two places. We like your modest *ron de plume*.

"NELLA."—You are a good plucked 'un, madam. Husband started on L. & N.W.R. as goods guard at 4½d. an hour; in 25 years he has attained the giddy height of 6½d. Despite these Scrooge figures, you keep smiling. Hope the new rise will help.

"ONCE ANNOYED."—"Big hats on ladies' heads used to be a nuisance in the theatre. A gentlemen's society should be started, all members to wear a tall hat during the performance." Strikes us that the size of the head which could devise such an idea should be enough to annoy anybody.

"A SHAW READER."—We cannot advise as to how other journals pay Insurance liabilities. But we honour our own.

T. S. (Wainfleet).—It was hard that the money-changer shop charged a soldier 2d. exchange each franc (10d.), but probably that was the ruling rate. For one of our "copies wanted," the cover will suffice if the inside has gone to France.

"PEDAGOGUE."—Verses on Jack Cornwell excellent in sentiment, but faulty in rhyme. Read them to your infant scholars, but don't let them learn them, for they would set their notions of poetry sadly askew.

E. P. T. (Lowestoft).—We should be inclined to accept a fully paid-up policy if it can be obtained, and effect an assurance with one of the established companies.

"REJECTED" (Criccieth).—No badge has been issued to distinguish the rejected. You are one of about five thousand who have written us on the subject. Your 1s. has been added to our Fund.

H. G. (Bishopsthorpe).—Sorry to hear that when you called upon a local Magistrate to discharge a statutory duty he "opened his foul mouth." Some people often come unstuck in that place.

R. W. DE H. (Alderley Bridge).—We shall get Business Government as soon as the electors smash and scrap the Party machine.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

No more Skin Troubles

There is no skin remedy known to science that can compare with Antexema. It succeeds in the most convincing way, when doctors, hospitals, and ointments have proved absolutely useless. Every sufferer from eczema, face spots, a bad leg, bad hands, rash, or any other form of skin illness, can have instant relief followed by complete and final deliverance from their enemy by using Antexema. If you are not cured of your skin complaint it is not because you cannot be, but simply because you have not used Antexema. When Antexema meets any skin trouble the skin trouble has to go. It cannot help itself. The age of the sufferer, the part affected or how long you have suffered, none of these things matter—Antexema will cure you, and one small bottle is generally sufficient to do this once and for all.

Antexema works wonders

Antexema is not an ointment, but a beautiful liquid cream, prepared from the original prescription of the British physician who discovered this unique combination of healing elements. Antexema dries over the bad place the moment it is applied, and forms an invisible protective, artificial skin which excludes dust, grit, and disease germs. All stinging, itching, and burning stops immediately, and in a short time every sign of skin illness disappears, never again to return.

Get Antexema to-day

Start your cure at once. You must not delay treatment. The people you see with faces scarred by skin illness would have escaped disfigurement had they used Antexema promptly.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Antexema Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe

Your last chance!

First Prize **£1,000** First Prize

£250 2ND. 3RD. **£100**

12,000 Prizes value over £3,000 this week!

List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 208.

CRUSHING THE HUNS
BRITISH SAILORS
THE WINNING LINE
OUR TANKS
GENERAL VON HINDENBURG
BUTCHER'S CHARGES
IN THE BALKANS
GOVERNMENT SLACKERS
KEPT IN OFFICE
THE GOOSE-STEP
TAKEN IN CHARGE
SITTING ON TRIBUNAL
FIGHTING ZEPPELINS
THE RIGHT TIME
AFTER NIGHT OUT
MAKES WIFE CROSS
NOT AT HOME
DESERVES IRON CROSS
FORWARD MISS
THE CROWN PRINCE
MAKES FATHER SICK
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?
TINNED MEAT
ONE THOUSAND POUNDS
MOST AMAZING WHEN
IN GERMANY
FALLING IN LOVE
MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY
WHEN WAR ENDS
PRESENTATION CIGAR
MAKES PIGS FLY
GERMAN CULTURE
DAY OF RECKONING
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
A BAD SOVEREIGN
WORKING OVERTIME
PRICE OF BEER
PLEASING THE MAID
WHAT TOMMY WANTS
THE KAISER'S PUNISHMENT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
BRITISH SAILORS.
Bullet:—
ALWAYS TRUE TO COLOURS.
Example:—
WORKING OVERTIME.
Bullet:—
MANY FIND PROFITABLE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 28th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S" dated October 7th.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(208) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 208, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(208) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more equal others is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Bullets World's Record Offer!

12,000 PRIZES!

TEN PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	6,000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

RECORD PRIZE LIST

£1,000
£250
£100
10 of £10
AND OVER
12,000
OTHER PRIZES

Your last chance to win one of these Record Prizes!

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(208) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 208, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(208) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

TEN WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Sgt. F. ATCHISON, A.S.C., Yorks:
A VAIN DREAM—EXPECTING WILSON'S "BACK UP."

Mrs. H. TRESSIDER, Saxonhurst, Station Road, Christchurch:
BECOMING OPTIMISTIC — FACES — BEFORE "LONG."

Mr. W. R. CAMERON, 374, Blackburn Road, Accrington:
FIRING BIG GUNS—CLEARS PATH FOR "MEN."

Mr. J. G. GOODMAN, Rupert Street, Leicester:
VILLAGE IDIOT—FINDS "PALS" IN TOWN.

Mrs. A. A. COOPER, Church Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Worcs.:
THE KAISER'S CHOICE—"FEWER" TO DECIDE FROM.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)

Pte. J. CHEETHAM, 45468, 147, Turncroft Lane, Stockport:
GENERAL JOFFRE — WANTS FRANCE "BEHIND" HIM.

Mr. W. H. BEAZER, 22, Park Field, Chippenham:
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—AFTER DIRECTORS SELL OUT.

Mr. G. MORRIS, 44, Upper Charnwood Street, Leicester:
FINDING A WIFE — WANTED — "SHAREHOLDER," NOT "DIRECTOR."

Mr. S. TUCKER, 23, Windsor Road, St. Andrews Park, Bristol:
FINDING A WIFE — RESULT — "SPEAKS" FOR ITSELF.

Lce.-Cpl. Moss, 1081, M.M.P. c.o.A.P.M., B.E.F., France:
GETTING A BITE—ONLY THE "FLY" GERMANY.

RESULT OF 206th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—
Mrs. J. ROBERTSON,
c.o. Mrs. Thompson,
48, Bryson Street, Belfast.
Example: GENERAL JOFFRE.
Bullet: "GETTING THROUGH" HIS TASK.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—
Mr. W. GODDARD,
137, Friar Street, Reading.
Example: A BAD HABIT.
Bullet: "LITTLE ON" "BOTH WAYS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—
Miss AINSWORTH,
At "Mayborough,"
Tarraway Road, Paignton.
Example: VILLAGE IDIOT.
Bullet: OFFERS SENTRY CHAIR.

TEN HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. SHOTT, 138, Commercial Road, Newport, Mon.:
WHEN RENT'S BEHIND—LANDLORD RECOMMENDS "BIGGER HOUSE."

Mr. H. THOMAS, 2, Kirkstead Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham:
BECOMING OPTIMISTIC—UNTIL OPPOSING COUNSEL COMMENCES.

Mr. H. PRICE, 103, South Road, Waterloo, Liverpool:
VILLAGE IDIOT—CERTAINLY NOT THE MILKMAN.

Mr. C. FULLER, 68, Casewick Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.:
VILLAGE IDIOT—CHAP WHO STAYS THERE.

Mr. C. E. BENTON, Hazlewood, Sea View Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex:
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—FRITZ "DISCOUNTS" OWN "PAPER."

Mrs. LASLETT, 7, Aston Gardens, Strandtown, Belfast:
WHEN RENT'S BEHIND—IRISHMAN GETS "STICKS" OUT.

Mr. D. W. DUNCAN, c.o. Brennan, 332 Munton Road, New Kent Road, London, S.E.:
TREATING FATHER—MOTHER "FETCHES HIM ONE."

Mr. W. B. KENNEDY, 8, Teviot Place, Edinburgh:
THE KAISER'S CHOICE—PREFERS "SKIPPING" WITHOUT ROPE.

Mr. P. E. PHILLIPS, Guildhall Chambers, Cardiff:
THE KAISER'S CHOICE—HE'LL HAVE TO "DEFER."

Mr. S. FORREST, 42, Wern Road, Sebastopol, near Newport, Mon.:
WHEN IN TROUBLE—"HANDS" GO TO "HEADS."

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Though the Montenegrin brave is a warrior bold and grave,
He's partial to a harmless little joke;
Our goblins catch him bending,
In friendship condescending,
To try a little Chairman Junior smoke.

Different times different manners: different people different tastes. But those men who smoke Virginian cigarettes that are worth smoking rarely find any other kind that pleases them so well. And in Chairman Juniors they will find the clean, attractive flavour of tastefully blended Virginian leaf that they want. It is always there, as their quality is standard with the original Chairman Cigarettes and—all the value is in the tobacco. There are no cards or coupons with them. . . . . Quality, with the utmost value commercially possible. . . . . That is their claim. They are sold by tobacconists *everywhere* at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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